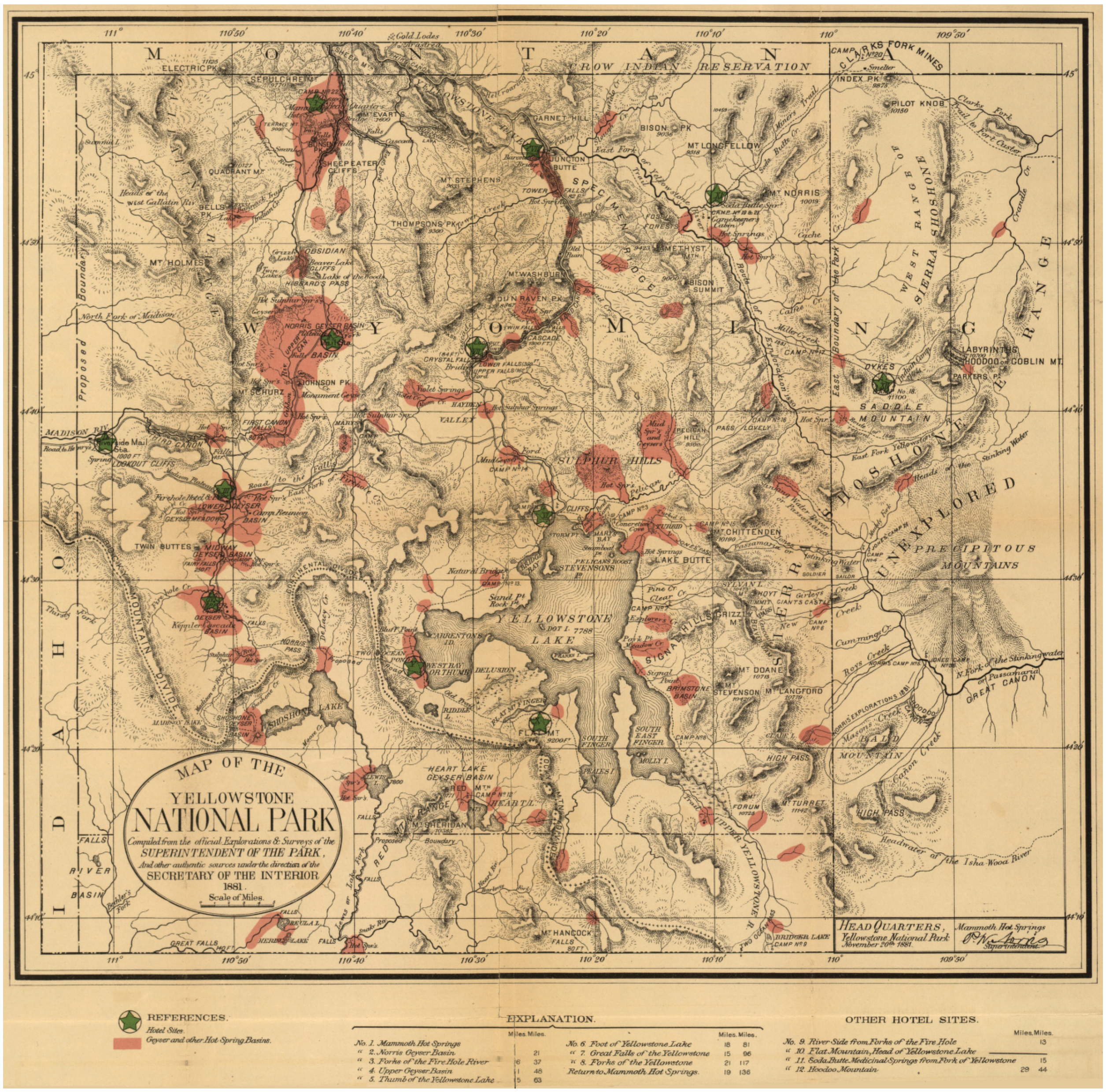
LOST YELLOWSTONE:
Miss Cruikshank's 1883 Visit to the Park that Was

by

Margaret Andrews Cruikshank

Robert K. Stevenson, Editor



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INTRODUCTION

Arguably the world's greatest natural wonder—Yellowstone National Park, located mainly in northwest Wyoming and also in a small section of northeast Idaho and southwest Montana in the United States—is lost! No, not the present-day Yellowstone National Park, with its nearly 5 million annual recreational visitors, 251 miles of paved roads, its 9 hotels containing over 2,000 rooms, and the 2,000 people packing the stadium near the Old Faithful geyser watching it erupt during a typical busy summer day in the Park. Indeed, this highly-developed Yellowstone National Park, to the deep regret of many, is today's reality.

What, in fact, is lost is the original Yellowstone National Park, the one that existed in 1872 when Yellowstone was established by the US government as the nation's first national park. And, this original Yellowstone very much still existed in August, 1883 when a 58-year-old Minneapolis schoolteacher, Margaret Andrews Cruikshank, visited the Park. Margaret, addressed as Miss Cruikshank by all those not related to her, visited the Park for eight days, arriving there on August 22, 1883. Most importantly, her visit took place twelve days before the railroad—specifically, the Northern Pacific Railroad—reached the Park. Hence, Miss Cruikshank's visit proved to be one of the last ones to occur before large groups of tourists began descending upon the Park.

Now, what makes Miss Cruikshank's timely visit to Yellowstone worthy of our attention is the fact that she wrote a 57-page-long detailed account of her visit, which she titled "Notes on the Yellowstone Park." This account is to put it mildly extraordinary, revealing the type of experiences one could have at Yellowstone in 1883 as a tourist but which nowadays are an impossibility for one to have.

As an example of the experiences one can no longer have at Yellowstone, Miss Cruikshank relates an incident occurring at the Old Faithful geyser which today absolutely could not happen. It turns out that at the same time that Miss Cruikshank and her neighbor, Mrs. Gobeen, were visiting the Park, so too was U.S. President Chester A. Arthur. Among others the President was accompanied and guarded by 75 U.S. Army soldiers. While encamped near Old Faithful some of the soldiers tossed a lot of their clothes into the geyser, thinking that, once it erupted, the geyser's hot water might provide a thorough cleaning to their clothes. As you might guess, what the soldiers hoped for didn't come about. Instead, Miss Cruikshank reports what Mrs. Gobeen witnessed, which was that when the geyser erupted, "up went the clothes, a hundred or so feet in the air. Up went drawers and shirts of all colors, filled out with steam to superhuman proportions. When they came to the ground, it was found that Faithful had not treated them fairly. Cries were heard, 'Here is one leg of my drawers; I wonder where my other is?' 'My shirt has lost both of its sleeves,' 'My clothes are torn to rags!' So Faithful lost his character as laundryman. But it was great fun to the Spectators."

Nowadays, visitors must walk on a safety path whose closest approach to Old Faithful is 100 meters. If you don't stay on the safety path or other similarly designated paths in the Park, you can be fined. That is what happened to a Park visitor who in 2016 walked off the boardwalk in the Mammoth Hot Springs thermal area. He was seen breaking through the fragile travertine crust and ended up being fined $1,000 as a result.

Another nowadays-forbidden experience that Miss Cruikshank reported about occurred when she and fellow Park visitor Doctor Bergman of Vienna explored the hillside near the Grand Geyser. "We were interested in a small vent," she relates, "that was blowing off steam like an engine. Close by there was bubbling up thro' a crevice a hint of a miniature geyser. Dr. Bergman took my stick—we all walked with sticks there—and poked a little crater for it to play in. It shot up its little fountain a few inches into the air, behaving quite like a full-grown geyser. Such changes go on here from time to time that we may have aided in the development of a mighty geyser for the future. We named it Geyser Bergman." Again, nowadays doing something like this could cost a Park visitor dearly, as foot travel is banned in any of the Park's thermal areas. In 2016 some filmmakers, disregarding the warning signs, walked onto the immediate surroundings of Yellowstone's Prismatic Spring; they were caught in the act and the leader of this group was not only fined $8,000, but also was placed on 5-year probation.

It must be pointed out that it is not just the ability to walk right up to a geyser, which cannot be legally done by a Park visitor nowadays, which made Miss Cruikshank's sojourn in Yellowstone so unique and memorable. You see, the "hotel room" for the 1883 Park visitor usually was a tent whose "beds" were often inadequately cushioned bags placed on the ground. In addition, other than walking to reach any site in the Park in 1883, one had to ride a horse or, in the case of visitors like Miss Cruikshank, sit in a horse-drawn closed carriage (similar to a stagecoach). This, in fact, is how most visitors to the Park in 1883 reached the sites they wished to see, with two to four horses drawing the carriages. Two horses pulled the coach that Miss Cruikshank and her travel mates rode in. Now, imagine riding in a horse-drawn carriage over bumpy dirt roads for 6 to 10 hours before finally arriving at one's destination, and at last being able to view a spectacular geological wonder, such as the Lower Yellowstone Falls, with its over 300-foot drop. The impression of that sight, especially given what you had endured in order to obtain that view, would certainly last a long time, if not a lifetime, in one's mind.

In short, a visitor to Yellowstone in August, 1883 and earlier experienced the place as if one were a combination camper-explorer, not ever having to deal with crowds of people or be subjected to all sorts of restrictions, but instead having the majority of the time almost anywhere in the Park all to oneself. And, this is something Miss Cruikshank greatly appreciated. She states towards the end of her account, "Within a few years undoubtedly it will be easy to make the tour of Yellowstone Park, but I shall always be glad that I saw it in its wildness."

Now, I should explain how Miss Cruikshank's remarkable account of her 1883 visit to Yellowstone came into my possession. It turns out that she is an ancestral cousin of mine. Specifically, Margaret's grandparents, Captain William Browne and Katherine Jones who married each other in 1783, are my great great great great grandparents. A family tree of the Kurtz branch of my relatives and ancestors evidences this. So, to me Miss Cruikshank is really Cousin Margaret,

but for purposes of consistency I'll continue referring to her here as Miss Cruikshank.

Regarding her Yellowstone visit account, it fortuitously ended up in the hands of my mother's cousin, Betty Clarke, a relative who took great interest in family history matters. Betty Clarke and my mother, Betty Lou Stevenson, were great grandchildren of Col. John Daniel Kurtz who was Miss Cruikshank's cousin. The Yellowstone document therefore likely was initially passed down to Kurtz's granddaughter Anna (Clarke's mother and the relative who commissioned the creation of the family tree of the Kurtz branch), for Miss Cruikshank never married and lived a long life, dying at age 93 in 1919 when Anna was 31 years old. Once Clarke possessed Miss Cruikshank's write-up of her 1883 visit to Yellowstone, she made copies of it, sending one to my mother who then passed it down to me.

The Kurtz family tree casts light on one incident related by Miss Cruikshank. Towards the end of her Yellowstone visit, Miss Cruikshank and her travel mates arrived back at the Hot Springs Hotel where they had stayed at the beginning of their 8-day-long tour of Yellowstone. She tells us what she saw upon entering the hotel: "The hall was dazzling bright with the electric lights, and before I could recover my eyesight I was seized upon by Min and Anna, and little Tom was being told to kiss his grandmother! I know they had been expected but supposed them off on a tour of the Park. It was a good and welcome surprise."

The question that the above remark begs is: who were Min, Anna and little Tom? The Kurtz family tree shows two Annas. The Anna who was Betty Clarke's mother was not born until 1888, so it obviously was not her who greeted Miss Cruikshank in August, 1883 at the Hot Springs Hotel. Instead, the mother of the 1888-born Anna was also named Anna, being Anna Richardson before she married Thomas Kurtz (Col. John Daniel Kurtz's son) in 1880. This latter Anna, whose name changed in 1880 to Anna Richardson Kurtz upon her marriage, had been born on September 7, 1857, making her nearly 26 years old when Miss Cruikshank visited Yellowstone in 1883. Little Tom, as revealed on the family tree, was Thomas Richardson Kurtz, born October 31, 1881. Little Tom therefore was almost 2 years old when he was prompted to kiss his grandmother, and the person called Min would have to had been his maternal grandmother, and not Miss Cruikshank who, as already pointed out, never married. Min, being Anna's mother is, however, not listed on the family tree as she did not belong to the Kurtz lineage.

Much more important than knowing about how the above people were related is learning about Miss Cruikshank herself and what factors led to her going to the trouble of composing a most unique account of her August, 1883 visit to Yellowstone. Thanks to Betty Clarke, we are able to understand how this account came into being. In 1980 Clarke donated to the Yellowstone National Park Research Library letters that Miss Cruikshank had written. She also donated to the Park's library a copy of what you will soon read—Miss Cruikshank's story about the Yellowstone which became lost to us, a story which heretofore has never been published in its entirety. From this information Lee H. Whittlesey, who served as the Yellowstone National Park historian from 2000-2018, created a brief biographical sketch of Miss Cruikshank. Whittlesey's description of Miss Cruikshank appears in an article he wrote titled "A Lady's Trip to Yellowstone, 1883: 'Earth Could Not Furnish Another Such Site,'" which appeared in the Winter, 1989 issue of *Montana, The Magazine of Western History* (Vol. 39, No. 1).

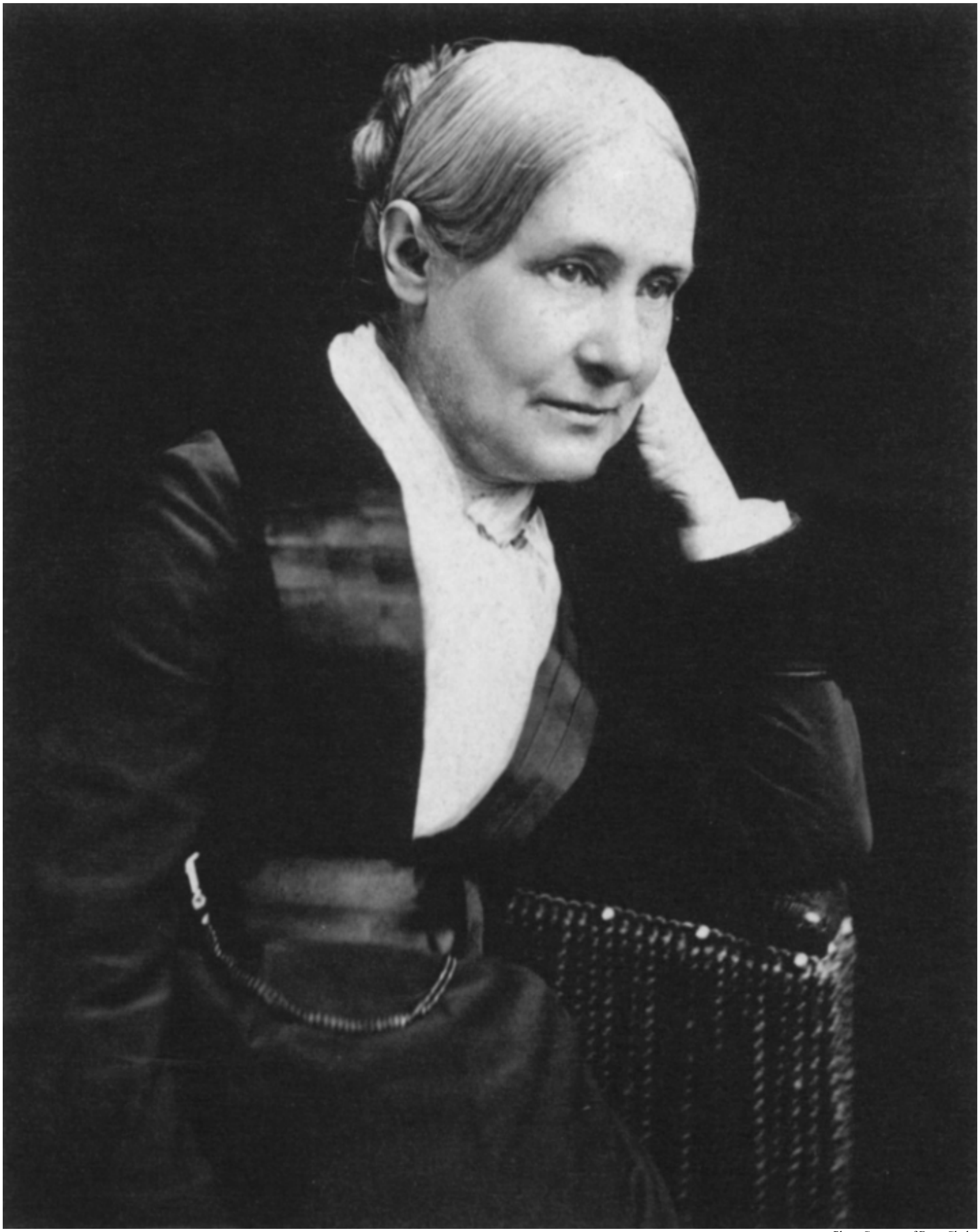


Photo Courtesy of Betty Clarke

Margaret Andrews Cruikshank (ca. 1883)

Whittlesey begins his biographical sketch of Miss Cruikshank by pointing out that she was a "single woman, historian and world traveler." This single woman aspect of Miss Cruikshank we shall soon further explore, but for now we'll proceed with the rest of Whittlesey's biographical sketch. He adds the following: "Born in 1825 in old Georgetown, D.C., where she lived during the first thirty years of her life, Cruikshank and her divorced mother lived in the home of Dr. Thomas Sewall. Sewall was a close friend to several Washington personalities, including Daniel Webster and Samuel F. B. Morse. So, 'Margie,' as she was called by relatives, grew up in an atmosphere of culture and influence. She developed great curiosity, a talent for learning and an interest in exploration, and considerable social skills. Her letters reveal that she was a keen observer and intensely interested in history. She wrote two volumes of family genealogy. When Cruikshank visited the Park in 1883, she was fifty-eight years old and living in Minneapolis, where she worked as a teacher for many years."

Whittlesey next informs us that "Margie Cruikshank apparently never returned to Yellowstone. In her later life she continued to teach history and traveled extensively in Europe. She appears to have saved prudently, but entrusted her money to a friend prior to one of her trips and when she returned, it was gone. She retired to the Louise Home in Washington, D.C., a home for 'genteel ladies who had fallen into financial hardship through no fault of their own.' It was there that she died at 6:55 o'clock in the evening of July 3, 1919 at the age of ninety-three."

Let us now see if we can gain insight into why Miss Cruikshank was a single woman. For starters it is helpful to understand who the audience was for her account of her visit to Yellowstone. It's clear in reading her account that it was not meant for the general public or for some book publisher. Instead, early on we read this passage: "I will add that at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, she [i.e., an English lady named Miss Neave] made acquaintance with Min, who was delighted with her. When I returned, Min had much to say to me of this charming English lady; she wished so that I could have met her! 'Humph,' said I. 'I slept with her at Norris. We became fast friends and I am to visit her when I get to England.' Then Min lamented that she had never thought of the possibility of our meeting—had never mentioned me to her." I've already pointed out that Min was a relative of Miss Cruikshank, and only other relatives of hers would have easily understood who Min was. Thus, Miss Cruikshank wrote her account for her relatives, for their interest in learning about her unique experiences in a spectacular, but also a very difficult-to-visit, national park.

Miss Cruikshank's Yellowstone story, combined with the two family genealogy histories she wrote (copies of which I possess), reveal her to be an extremely family-oriented person. And yet, despite her being such a family-oriented, intelligent and cultured woman, who in addition was financially self-sufficient (working as a schoolteacher), she never married nor had any children of her own. One would think that many men would have been quite attracted to a lady possessing such positive attributes. So, why did Miss Cruikshank remain single?

The answer to the above question which comes to mind in that perhaps Miss Cruikshank was not interested in men—that is to say, she was a lesbian. To examine how plausible this speculation might be, we note an important point made by James O'Keefe, Evan O'Keefe and John Hodes in their January-February, 2018 article, "Evolutionary Origins of Homosexuality,"

published in *The Gay & Lesbian Review*. O'Keefe *et al* state: "A parent and child share fifty percent of their genes, as do a brother and sister; an uncle shares 25 percent of his genes with each of his nieces and nephews. From a mathematical perspective, an individual can achieve the same genetic success by raising one offspring or helping to ensure that a sibling successfully raises two offspring. This kin selection is an evolutionary strategy favoring the reproductive success of an individual's close relatives, sometimes despite the loss of that individuals' own reproduction and/or survival. Kin selection drives the evolution of altruistic behavior toward relatives, a phenomenon known as kin altruism [and] appears to involve both epigenetic and genetic mechanisms that are transmitted indirectly via the lineage of siblings and other close relatives." And even more to the point, O'Keefe *et al* conclude their discussion of kin selection by informing us that "a genetic variation that predisposes one to homosexuality could possibly foster the maintenance of a family's genetic line despite its tendency to reduce the affected individual's chances of reproducing and having offspring of their own."

Assuming the point made by O'Keefe *et al* is correct—i.e., that a gay person's altruistic behavior towards relatives helps maintain the family's genetic line—how does Miss Cruikshank's Yellowstone visit account contribute to this process? What we come across in reading her account is not mere story-telling, but also several recommendations whose adoption would have benefited any of her relatives who decided to visit the Park. For example, Miss Cruikshank provided a positive review of Isaac Dorr, the driver of the horses which pulled the carriage she rode in during her tour of the Park, saying that he "is a right good fellow, and his care of his horses was good policy in the long run;" she then added that she "promised to recommend him."

Miss Cruikshank also alerted her relatives in her account to the dishonesty of George Marshall, the owner of Marshall's Hotel, and the rip-off prices he charged guests. She relates this incident: "Constantly with us were two agreeable Scotch gentlemen bring convoyed by a Chicago lawyer. He (Marshall) hocus-pocused one of the Scotchmen and the lawyer into each paying the bill. It was only as their driver gathered up his reins that the fraud was discovered. It is said that he has followed after men unwilling to be thus fleeced with a revolver." As for the bills presented to those who were unlucky enough to be customers of George Marshall, Miss Cruikshank provides this example: "He charged Mr. Hatch in this way: for lunch for 13—and for a day each for 7—guess how much? Ninety-seven dollars!" Given that ninety-seven 1883 US dollars would equal about $2,950 today, it is easy to understand why a stay at Marshall's Hotel would not generate a happy memory of one's visit to Yellowstone.

Many other helpful, instructive stories and practical suggestions Miss Cruikshank offered those, who mainly would have been her relatives, reading about her 8-day tour of the now-lost Yellowstone; and her stories and suggestions were particularly useful because most of them were not ones that a traditional tourist guidebook would have contained, which all add up to her account serving as a form of kin altruism.

Besides the above recommendations and warnings of a practical nature Miss Cruikshank provided which, if heeded, would have assisted in the perpetuation of the genetic line of those relatives of hers who decided to visit Yellowstone, she engaged in another pastime whose impact on her relatives cannot be underestimated. This has to do with the various family history/genealogy stories she wrote and provided copies of to her relatives. We'll shortly look at one of the many stories involving family ancestors Miss Cruikshank believed her relatives should be aware of.

F. J. Haynes, photographer

View of the Fire Hole River passing in front of Marshall's Hotel (1884)

In 1894, at the age of 69, a 36-page-long work, *Grandmother's Grand-people and their True Stories*, was penned by Miss Cruikshank. And, she specifically states on this work's title page that it was "written for Katherine Mary Childs," a lady who I met once in her old age and who was my grandfather's cousin as well as being the granddaughter of Miss Cruikshank's cousin, Col. John D. Kurtz. Now, what did Miss Cruikshank want Katherine Childs, who was only 11 years old at the time, to learn from reading this work? The work's main intent will become much clearer after we examine the following story passed down to Miss Cruikshank by her great-grandmother, Katherine Wigglesworth Jones (born 1737).

"I well remember my great-grandmother," begins Miss Cruikshank, "and her life would take you back more than a hundred and fifty years. She was only five years younger than the great Washington who was born in 1732. She had lived through stirring times and she still loved to talk about them. One morning she had seen her four Wigglesworth brothers—Samuel, Edward, John, and William—march away from their widowed mother's door to join Washington's army, and fight for freedom of their country. She was proud of that, I can tell you. Now, I don't think it was ever known what became of Samuel, who had served as a surgeon in the army. He changed from the land service into the sea service and then the record ends. Colonel Edward, though in high command and distinguished by the confidence and favor of Washington, was obliged by the

necessities of his family to resign before the war was over. William came limping home on a fractured leg, but John, who had been a Commissary in the Army, was taken prisoner by the British and died miserably on board the *Jersey*—the prison-ship in New York Harbor. Some said the prisoners were poisoned—but we need not believe that. It was bad enough as it was. Edward and William, anyhow, lived to get home again."

At this point Miss Cruikshank resumes the above story, but this time as it was related to her by her grandmother—Katherine (Jones) Browne, who died in 1834:

"I have heard my grandmother say that her youngest uncle, William, the very one who came limping back home on the broken leg was with Washington all through that horrible winter at Valley Forge. It was dreadful. Your own blood endured there the hardships of being starved and frozen almost to death—they and many other noble hearts. What a time of misery that was! And their families at home could not help them—all were so poor. Uncle Edward, Colonel Edward Wigglesworth, was with Washington, too, when he crossed the Delaware that cold winter night and surprised the Hessians boozing over their Christmas beer at Trenton. That night was so cold, so dark. The wind cut like a knife; the soldiers' clothes and the rags bound around their feet froze, and one of your uncles said that every step he took was marked with his own blood.

One thing Uncle William often said was that he had never seen General Washington smile until he heard that France would send us ships and troops. He got the news in camp one morning when he was already on horseback to go his rounds among his disheartened men. Riding up to a tree in the early Spring of 1778 he plucked a little sprig of budding leaves. Placing this in his hat he turned to his brave companions and said *with a smile*—the first Uncle William had ever seen on his face—'Now I do not fear them.' Ah! That was a glorious day! Sick and weak as they all were, they raised a shout that cheered even the almost dying men in the wretched huts."

Now, what was the main lesson that Miss Cruikshank wanted 11-year-old Katherine Childs and her other younger relatives to learn from reading this story about their ancestors' Revolutionary War experiences? The lesson was this: "You belong to a very special family—a family whose hard-working members have displayed great courage and fortitude. In short, your ancestors possessed a character of the highest order, and hopefully you will follow in their footsteps." It can be seen that the effect of those younger relatives of Miss Cruikshank who did go on to live their life in a manner similar to how their ancestors had lived theirs—i.e., very productively—would likely have ended up forming families of their own and produced offspring, thus perpetuating their genes as well as their ancestors' genes. Hence, writing a family history type of story for the purpose of inspiring the younger generation of family members to live a productive and, if possible, exemplary life qualifies as another form of kin altruism.

We recall Miss Cruikshank mentioning earlier a nearly 2-year-old boy relative of hers who she called "little Tom." How did his life turn out? Did he live a similar sort of life as those Revolutionary War ancestors of his who served in Washington's army, and did he perpetuate the family's genes by producing any offspring? The answer to both of these questions would have to be "yes." Little Tom—Thomas Richardson Kurtz—attended and graduated from the US Naval Academy, Annapolis (Class of 1901). During World War I he was awarded the Navy Cross for distinguished service as an Operations Aide in the US Naval Forces in France. From 1921-1924 he held the rank of Captain and retired as a US Navy Commodore (a rank which entails

commanding a group of ships). Regarding offspring, he and his wife, Irene Van Arsdale, had three children (Thomas, Jr., who became a US Navy Rear Admiral, Irene, and Anna Jean), and those three children produced a total of three more children themselves. In short, at the extended family level the three children and three grandchildren of "little Tom" made up for Miss Cruikshank not producing any offspring of her own, an outcome which the latter, either consciously or subconsciously, likely hoped her kin altruistic behavior would help bring about.

Do other clues exist that indicate that Miss Cruikshank may have been a lesbian? The answer is yes, and these can be found throughout her Yellowstone Park visit account. It turns out that Miss Cruikshank's account contains a constant presence—a lady named only as "Miss A." for its first 22 numbered pages. On page 5 we read, for example, that "Miss A. and I, however, had no tent, and must rely upon the overtasked resources of Norris." Then, on page 11 we read this: "She [Miss Neaves, an English tourist] frankly told Miss A. and me that she likes us because we indulged in no tall talk which she seemed to consider the vice of all Americans." What is peculiar about Miss Cruikshank's repeated reference to a "Miss A." is that 99% of the time she names other people in her account by their full last name or full first name, but hardly ever as "Mr. H" or the like.

So, who was this "Miss A." lady? In footnote #12 in "A Lady's Trip to Yellowstone, 1883," Whittlesey identified her this way: "A Miss Abbott, her [i.e., Miss Cruikshank's] traveling companion." Only on page 23 in Miss Cruikshank's originally-numbered account, where the two ladies are now staying at the Old Faithful campground, is Miss A. at last provided a normal name, ending her anonymity to the reader. We read this passage: "Our bed was good enough—clean and not too hard, but I could not sleep for some time. Miss Abbott laughed at me and called it a notion; but, I ran my hand under the mattress and instead of the feeling of cool damp fresh earth I declare it was warm!" This anecdote's mention of "our bed" leads one to wonder if the two ladies, in fact, slept together in the same bed. The answer has to be yes, as earlier in Miss Cruikshank's narrative (on pages 21-22) we learn that their tent contained only one bed. She relates, "We were put in complete possession of a 13 X 16 ft. tent, with a roughhewn wooden door fastened by a button inside and with a string to wind around a nail outside, when the ladies were 'not at home.' It had a bright striped hemp carpet tacked all round to the lowest bar of its frame (slender firs) and a good mattress bed on the floor with a white honeycomb quilt."

After finally providing on page 23 the Miss Abbott name for the first time in her Yellowstone Park visit account, Miss Cruikshank goes back to calling Miss Abbott "Miss A." six more times—on pages 31, 32, 34, 41, 42 (twice). Although this streak ends on pages 43 and 44, with Miss Cruikshank resuming calling her "traveling companion" Miss Abbott, oddly the next and last reference to this lady, appearing on page 55, is once again "Miss A."

So, in Miss Cruikshank's 1883 Yellowstone Park visit story, what could possibly account for her 23-page-long delay in providing her travel mate's full name—Miss Abbott—as well as her preference during the balance of her narrative in calling Miss Abbott "Miss A.?" Well, keep in mind that Miss Cruikshank wrote up her Yellowstone Park visit primarily for the benefit of her relatives. Given the gay-intolerant era in which she lived, she very easily could have wanted to closely guard the fact to everyone, including her closest relatives, that she herself was a lesbian. In addition, her relatives may not have known that another woman—i.e., Miss Abbott—lived with

her. By calling her travel mate "Miss A."—essentially minimizing the meaningfulness and importance of Miss Abbott and her actions in the story—this could have been Miss Cruikshank's way of trying to not draw too much of the reader's attention to this key person. In other words, Miss Cruikshank may not have wanted her relatives to suspect that Miss Abbott was not a mere "traveling companion," but, in fact, was her significant other, living with her in a loving, long-term relationship.

Are there good grounds for believing that in 1883 Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott lived together in a long-term relationship? The answer, as you can probably guess, is in the affirmative. For starters, the two ladies possessed a very high degree of familiarity with each other's nature and habits—something that a couple in a long-term relationship would have. For example, while staying at Marshall's Hotel in Yellowstone's Upper Geyer Basin, Miss Cruikshank tells us that late one night she had heard and felt while in bed the nearby Excelsior Geyer gearing up for its next eruption. She then noted, though, this: "Miss A., who sleeps like a dog, still remained skeptical, but I asked Marshall who said it was so, that they often felt it." Now, if Miss Abbott was someone who did not live with Miss Cruikshank and instead was just some outside friend who decided to accompany her on the trip to Yellowstone, then Miss Cruikshank would not have known Miss Abbott's sleeping habits well enough to state with such certainty that she "sleeps like a dog." However, just the opposite would be the case regarding one's knowledge of the sleeping habits of a partner who lived with you; you would know with certainty if that person was a "morning person" (i.e., got up early each day), "night person" (i.e., went to bed late at night), had insomnia, slept "like a dog," etc.

Another passage highlights the same high degree of familiarity that the two ladies had of one another. In this instance, appearing on page 42, Miss Abbott's thorough understanding of Miss Cruikshank's mental and physical state is revealed, the type of understanding one in a LTR would have. Near the end of an exhausting day of walking through difficult terrain, trying to view Yellowstone Falls, Miss Cruikshank relates the following:

Miss A., kindly waiting for me, I set out for the camp. Slowly, very slowly I crept along, for now that initial enthusiasm had deserted me, and my strength had gone, too. I often had to lie right down under the pines to recover my health and gain force for a few steps more. I imparted to Miss A. my despair—to come so far and after all that . . . not to see the Falls! "Why," countered Miss A., "you shall see them! If there is a horse in the camp you shall see them!" "No," I disagreed, "I would never dare go over such places on horseback." "Nonsense," said Miss A., "others can and you can." "You forget," I pointed out, "that I am no horsewoman—haven't been on a horse for more than twenty years." "Why," persisted Miss A., "you have nothing to do but sit on the horse and Isaac can manage the rest." "Over those precipices? Never!" I exclaimed. "Well, well," Miss A. advised, "don't say anything more about it now. You are all tired out. Let's get home—when you have eaten and slept, you'll take another view of things!" I did not believe her, but was too spent to argue further.

Regarding the confidence-boosting remarks Miss Abbott made to Miss Cruikshank, trying to dispel the latter's fears about riding a horse, did they accurately predict how things turned out? Or, were some of Miss Cruikshank's worst fears realized? The next day Miss Abbott secured from Mr. Hobart [i.e., Manager of the Yellowstone National Park Improvement Company which

operated the concessions in Yellowstone] a good horse for her apprehensive "traveling companion" to ride. Miss Cruikshank resumes the story:

A short delay was required to catch, saddle, and bridle my steed, but before long I was after them [i.e., another tourist party that was on horseback]. I supposed that I should be frightened out of my wits and behave like a fool generally, but as soon as I saw how my noble quadruped achieved the ascent of the first hill and how warily he rounded the first sliding path, I dismissed all fear—not even the Sugar Loaf [i.e., a mountain side composed of white geyserite] caused a quiver. I was almost disposed to take the entire management of the reins and send Isaac back, but thought it best not to be foolhardy. I passed the camp of my cavalrymen and received their congratulations as if I had been their grandmother and they all my affectionate grandsons—even met and was saluted by the very horseman whose descent I had watched the evening before. So, I went on triumphant and "glorious, o'er all the ills of life victorious."

As we see, Miss Abbott possessed an excellent reading of Miss Cruikshank's nature and personality. One senses that the two had experienced in the past quite a few other instances where they had disagreed with one another over some course of action that should be taken. Just the fact that they had such a spirited argument over Miss Cruikshank's ability to ride a horse is a strong indication that the two were in a relationship, for it's the type of argument common to couples in a committed relationship.

With respect to Miss Abbott's age at the time in 1883, we do not know. It is clear, though, that she seems to have been considerably younger than Miss Cruikshank. For example, on the horseback ride to Yellowstone Falls, Miss Abbott rode with the main party which ended up successfully traversing rough terrain to reach the foot of Lower Yellowstone Falls. Miss Cruikshank, though, apparently believing that her advanced age and physical fitness level weren't up to the challenge, chose not to accompany Miss Abbott's party, and explained her decision this way: "I gave my party leave to hurry on regardless of me. I thought it doubtful if I could get to the lower falls—nearly a mile down, and over precipitous mountain paths. If they could, I would not selfishly detain them. Though I had $100, I went on alone." That Miss Abbott was significantly younger than Miss Cruikshank is also indicated by what the latter remarked after returning to camp after the physically and mentally demanding hike she took in attempting to get a good view of Yellowstone Falls: "I made speedy preparations for bed, but Miss Abbott sallied out to enjoy society, for by this time we had rubbed up against our fellow tourists enough to feel acquainted." Needless to say, sallying forth in the evening to "enjoy society" is something young, energetic people frequently do; tired, older people, by contrast, commonly skip such an activity and just got to bed. Meanwhile, towards the end of her Yellowstone Park visit account Miss Cruikshank relates that shortly after she and Miss Abbott boarded a train to return to Minneapolis where their journey had begun, "we subsided into stupor—slept much of the day and solidly during the nights. Yet I was entirely spent when I got home, and it took me a month to recover." She does not report that Miss Abbott experienced any difficulty in recovering from the trip, which makes sense given the likelihood that Miss Abbott was much younger than her.

Returning to the key question regarding whether or not Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott lived together as a same-sex relationship couple, two other clues strongly suggesting this was the case must be mentioned. Firstly, at the Yellowstone Falls campground, we see Miss Cruikshank one night, after having been only partly successful in overhearing a nearby conversation involving

an English artist, Arthur Brown, relate the following: “As I came to understand better what he was saying the next morning, I will defer till then and go to sleep, (as soon as Miss A. is settled), on my shawl and hard bag; for with all our fine furniture we have but one pillow and that I have politely left for my partner.” Notice that Miss Cruikshank identifies Miss Abbott here as “my partner”—not as “my friend”, “travel companion” or the like. In fact, throughout Miss Cruikshank’s account nowhere does she ever refer to Miss Abbott as being merely a “friend,” “travel companion” or as some sort of acquaintance; instead, her account treats this very important person in a special way, always calling her either “Miss A.”, “Miss Abbott”, or as we just saw in the aforementioned instance “my partner.” As for Miss Abbott, it is important to point out that never once is there any mention that she had ever been married or had any children which, of course, makes sense if she herself was attracted solely to the same sex.

While Miss Cruikshank’s calling Miss Abbott “my partner” increases the likelihood that the two were a same-sex relationship couple, did they live together? After telling about eating a lousy meal at Marshall’s Hotel, Miss Cruikshank wrote the following passage which sheds light on the question just posed: “We left as soon as possible. There were now 12 miles left between us and the Upper Geyser Basin whither our friends Bishop and Mrs. Foss (of the Methodist Church), Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas and our good neighbor Mrs. Gobeen, had all preceded us. We had made the journey together from Minneapolis; but Miss A.’s and my joint baggage, containing just the things we thought *we must have* in the Park got left behind at Livingston. We waited a day for it—it did not come. And after all we were obliged to go on without it, which put us to funny experiences, but we got along.” Now, I believe one can agree that if Miss Cruikshank lived by herself and not with Miss Abbott, she would not have described Mrs. Gobeen as “our good neighbor,” but rather would have called her “my good neighbor Mrs. Gobeen.” In addition, she described Bishop and Mrs. Foss as “our friends,” and not as “my friends.” Obviously, use of the adjective “our” stands for the two ladies—Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott—and makes the most sense if they lived together, as it’s very hard to believe that the two lived in separate homes on the same or a nearby street. Finally, the remark about “Miss A.’s and my joint baggage, containing just the things we thought *we must have* in the Park” is indicative of very close planning and coordination on the part of Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott, which is something one would expect to see carried out by a couple who lived together.

I have presented various reasons which support the plausibility of Miss Margaret Cruikshank being a lesbian. I’ll mention one more interesting fact. As we recall, Miss Cruikshank dedicated her 1894 work, *Grandmother’s Grand-people and their True Stories,* to Katherine Mary Childs, who at the time was 11 years old. I met Katherine in 1969 when she was 86 years old. In an obvious example of kin altruism, she lived with and took care of her equally elderly sister, Janet, who was blind from diabetes. Janet had been married, but her husband was no longer alive; so, Katherine, as perhaps she had done many times before in her life, came to the rescue, caring for her blind sister and keeping her out of the convalescent hospital. Now, it turns out that Katherine, just like Margaret, never married. I can only wonder if Miss Cruikshank dedicated her 1894 work the way she did because she saw in the young Katherine a similar nature as her own—that is, that Katherine would also grow up to live a life as an unmarried woman with no children, yet still be a person very much engaged with her relatives and their lives.

I will also add that when I met and saw Katherine for the first and only time (because I lived in Southern California and she lived very far away in Harper's Ferry, West Virginia) I was 17 years old. My mother arranged the visit, with her, my brother and I forming the group of visiting relatives. Not long after our arrival at the nice, though old, white-painted wooden house that served as the Childs residence, Katherine learned that I collected political campaign buttons. Upon learning this, and having taken a liking to me, she presented me a cherished family heirloom—an extremely rare brass George Washington inaugural button, dated 1796, which had been owned and worn by Captain Moses Browne, an affluent ancestor of ours who had fought in the Revolutionary War. Such buttons were at the time worn as coat buttons and nowadays possess significant monetary value as a collectible (in recent years I have passed on the button to a younger relative of mine). The question I now ask myself, one whose answer I'll never be able to obtain, is this: did Katherine take a liking to me and give me this button, valuable from both a monetary and family history perspective, because she saw me as being a young male version of herself? Because it turns out that, just like my predecessors, Miss Margaret Cruikshank and Katherine Childs, I too never married nor had any children, with this outcome being mainly due to my same-sex orientation.

In reading Miss Margaret Cruikshank's remarkable account of her 1883 visit to "Lost Yellowstone," the national park that was, the reader will undoubtedly be most thankful for the presence of the following Glossary. This is because Miss Cruikshank's account contains dozens of references to all sorts of people (park workers, fellow tourists, etc.), sites within the park (geysers, rivers, lakes, etc.), geological terms, towns and buildings, and other miscellany. Because many of these references are ones which people living today would have no clue as to what Miss Cruikshank was talking about, the Glossary is placed here, preceding Miss Cruikshank's work, for the reader's convenience.

GLOSSARY

Miss Abbott, or Miss A. — Lady who accompanied Miss Cruikshank on her trip to Yellowstone National Park. Described by Miss Cruikshank as "my partner," evidence suggests that Miss Abbott lived with the former in a same-sex relationship.

President Chester A. Arthur — U.S. President (September 19, 1881 – March 4, 1885) who, accompanied by 75 US Army soldiers, 175 pack animals and others, visited Yellowstone National Park in August, 1883, becoming the first U.S. President to visit the Park.

Dr. Baxter — friend and physician to President Arthur's predecessor, U.S. President James A. Garfield (March 4, 1881 – September 19, 1881). Attended to the ill Mr. Hatch at Marshall's Hotel. His remark, "I have the muscle to climb these mountains, but it completely winds me," Miss Cruikshank said also applied to her.

Beaver Canyon — Village in Idaho that served as a gateway to Yellowstone National Park. In 1882 it had a dozen log houses, two saloons and a water tank. The Utah and Northern Railway stopped there, and from Beaver Canyon one could pay $25 for a round trip to the Park, riding in a light-spring wagon.

Mr. Bergh — Henry Bergh (1833 – 1888), founder of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ASPCA).

Doctor Bergman — Gentleman from Vienna who accompanied Miss Cruikshank during their visit to the Grand Geyser. Poked a hole in a nearby crevice, creating a small crater from which a little fountain of water spurted, behaving like a regular geyser.

Miss Bird — Isabella Bird (1831 – 1904), English explorer, writer, photographer and naturalist.

Col. Blank — One of the commanding officers of the 75 US Army cavalrymen who helped guard President Arthur during his August, 1883 visit to Yellowstone National Park.

Brakes — One of the easiest ferns to grow. Contains delicate foliage. Also is called Table Fern.

Mr. Arthur Brown — English artist from Newcastle upon Tyne. He spent weeks at Yellowstone Falls in Summer, 1883 making 20 sketches/watercolors. He displayed his paintings, along with wood and rocks, using the latter as props, in lectures-for-fees that he gave audiences. They were shown with illumination on English stages and were referred to as "sun pictures."

Lake Calhoun — The largest lake in Minneapolis, 401 acres in size; it's one of the city's Chain of Lakes.

Cascade Creek — Located on the southern edge of Yellowstone, the Cascade Creek Trail runs alongside the creek, leading one eventually to the Cascade Lake Trail. The creek travels through a wide meadow frequented by elk and bison.

The Castle — Located in the Upper Geyser Basin, this unique geyser is thousands of years old. It possesses a tall and large cone shape, similar to that of a castle. Its eruption reaches about 75 feet and lasts about 20 minutes, which then is followed by a noisy steam phase.

Catamount — One of many alternative names for a mountain lion.

Chevaux de frise — defensive structure consisting of a movable obstacle composed of barbed wire or spikes attached to a wooden frame; used to obstruct cavalry.

Ernest Clouph — Apparently an author of a guidebook on Yellowstone, he visited the Park with other tourists some time before Miss Cruikshank did, camping near the Excelsior Geyser. The two may have been acquaintances.

Col. J. P. Clough — Engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad Division.

The Company — The Yellowstone National Park Improvement Company. On March 9, 1883 U.S. Secretary of the Interior Henry Teller granted this company a lease to land near the Park's major points of interest (such as the Old Faithful Geyser), allowing it to build hotels and run concessions at these locations.

Company's Hotel — Located in the Upper Geyser Basin, 20 to 30 tents arranged in a semi-circle within view of the Old Faithful Geyser comprised the "hotel." This tent camp operated during the 1883-1885 seasons.

Corduroy road — A road built of logs side by side transversely, and usually used in low or swampy places.

Dear Child — Most likely a very young and much beloved relative of Miss Cruikshank.

Dick's hatband — Dated US colloquialism meaning someone or something is extremely strange.

Isaac Dorr — Experienced Utah stagecoach driver; the guide and horse-drawn carriage driver for Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott.

Emigrant Peak — A prominent, often snow-capped mountain, with an elevation of 10,926 feet, it's located nearly 32 miles north of the North Entrance to Yellowstone National Park.

Mr. Everts, the lost man — Truman C. Everts (1816 – 1901), a member of the 1870 Washburn-Langford-Doane Expedition of Yellowstone, got lost from the rest of his party. Described as "a walking skeleton" when he was found 37 days later, he authored an 1872-published book, "Thirty-seven Days of Peril," about his extraordinary experience.

Excelsior Geyser — Originally named Sheridan Geyser, it's nowadays a largely dormant geyser. When it was active, it erupted frequently directly into the Fire Hole River, shooting water 100 feet high and sometimes 300 feet high.

Forks of the Fire Hole River — Located close to and east of Marshall's Hotel in 1883 and today's Old Faithful Lodge, a 10 to15 minute walk separates it from the Old Faithful Geyser.

B. S. Foss — Bishop Foss of the Minneapolis Methodist Church. He and his wife, friends with Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott, ended up in the tourist party at Yellowstone just ahead of the one the two ladies traveled through the Park in, thanks to a luggage mix-up.

Gardiner, Montana — Founded in 1880, Gardiner constitutes the main entrance to Yellowstone National Park, located 5 miles north of the Park's north gate and 10 miles north of Mammoth Hot Springs.

The Gate of the Mountains — Located halfway between Yellowstone and Glacier National Park as well as 20 miles north of Helena, Montana. Named by Meredith Lewis of the 1805 Lewis and Clark Expedition, its many cliffs and great stone walls surrounding the Missouri River seemed like gates, one after which needed to be opened in order to successfully cross the Rocky Mountains.

Geyserite — A form of opaline silica that is generally found as crusts or layers around hot springs and geysers. Nutrient-poor and poorly-vegetated, it is often barren.

Gibbon River/Gibbon River Canyon — Along with the Firehole River, the Gibbon River is a major tributary of the Madison River. Located in the center of Yellowstone, it flows near the Norris Geyser Basin and through the Gibbon Geyser Basin. From there is flows through the Gibbon River Canyon to its confluence with the Fire Hole River to form the Madison River.

The Giant — Cone geyser in the Upper Geyser Basin that can go long periods of time (such as a few years) between eruptions. Explorers in 1870 saw it erupt a huge column of water 5 feet in diameter that rose 140 feet in the air, and the eruption lasted for 3 hours.

The Giantess — A fountain geyser located in the Upper Geyser Basin. Its eruptions are infrequent, generally only 2 to 6 times a year, and are violent, causing surrounding areas to shake; it is one of the few geysers in the Park that register on a seismograph. In addition, its eruptions usually consist of a series of outbursts lasting a total of 40 hours or longer.

Mrs. Gobeen — Neighbor friend of Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott who ended up being in the tourist party at Yellowstone which preceded the tourist party Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott were in by one day.

The Grand — Geyser located not far from Old Faithful in the Upper Geyser Basin. It erupts every 4 to 8 hours, shooting water 150 to 200 feet into the air. It is the tallest predictable geyser in the world.

The Grotto — Fountain-type geyser, named for its grotto-like appearance. Located in the Upper Geyser Basin, it erupts about every 8 hours, shooting water about 10 feet high. Its eruptions can last from one hour to over ten hours.

"Har meat" — Hare meat, which possesses a more distinctly gamey flavor than rabbit meat.

Mr. Hatch — Rufus Hatch (1832 – 1893). A wealthy financier and managing director of Pacific Mail Steamship Company, he built Yellowstone's first tourist hotel in Mammoth Hot Springs.

Hatch Party — Friends and business associates of Rufus Hatch, forming a group of tourists, numbering 25, who expressed great dissatisfaction over the insufficient number of tents and seats at the Norris "hotel."

Hayden Valley — Vast meadows around 8,000 feet elevation which straddle the Yellowstone River between Yellowstone Falls and Yellowstone Lake.

Hell's Half Acre — Situated in Yellowstone's Midway Geyser Basin, that is, the geyser basin located between the Upper Geyser Basin and Lower Geyser Basin. It contains two of the Park's largest hydrothermal features: Prismatic Spring and the Excelsior Geyser.

High Officer/General Brisbane — US Army officer and one of the tourists visiting Yellowstone. He snored loudly while sleeping in the same tent one night with Miss Cruikshank, who found his personality to be insufferable.

Mr. Hobart — Carroll T. Hobart, Manager of the Yellowstone National Park Improvement Company and also owner/manager of the Company's Hotel.

Hot Springs Hotel — Located in Mammoth Hot Springs, which is just south of Yellowstone's north entrance, it went by the name of the National Hotel when it was built in 1883.

La Riviere des Roches Jaunes — The River of Yellow Rocks, as originally named by French trappers; after a while it assumed its current name—the Yellowstone River.

"John" — Chinese cook at the Norris Geyser Basin campground; undoubtedly not his real name, but rather was just the name most Park tourists called him.

Langford (explorer) — Nathaniel P. Langford (1832 – 1911). Member of the 1870 Washburn-Langford-Doane Expedition which explored the future Yellowstone National Park in 1872 area.

"Lieby's Extract" beef tea — extract of beef in the form of paste or bouillon cubes; popular in the 19th Century; used for making beef tea, a type of broth; given to patients to drink if they were suffering from digestive problems.

Lincoln — Robert Todd Lincoln (1843 – 1926), the eldest son of Abraham Lincoln, served as Secretary of War for both Presidents Garfield and Arthur. He accompanied President Arthur on his 1883 visit to Yellowstone.

Livingston, Montana — Town in southwestern Montana on the Yellowstone River and north of Yellowstone National Park.

Mt. Lookout — More commonly called Lookout Point, it overlooks the north rim of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River, offering a stunning view of the 300-foot Lower Falls of Yellowstone Falls.

Madison River — Formed by the confluence of the Fire Hole River and Gibbon River, a location in Yellowstone National Park called Madison Junction, it flows through the mountains of southwestern Montana to join the Jefferson and Gallatin rivers to form the Missouri River.

Mammoth Hot Springs — A large complex of hot springs created over thousands of years, fed by hot water from the Norris Geyser Basin. Travertine terraces are abundant, with the most famous one being the Minerva Terrace. In 1883 it was located adjacent to Fort Yellowstone which now is Yellowstone National Park headquarters.

"Marshall's" — Marshall's Hotel, built in 1880 by George Marshall. Located just west of the confluence of the Fire Hole River and Nez Perce Creek, it was the first public accommodation built in the Fire Hole River geyser basin. Marshall and his wife operated the hotel until they sold out in 1885. The hotel had 6 rooms, a lounge, living room and living quarters for the Marshalls and their four children.

Mary's Lake — More commonly called Mary Lake, it is located in the Hayden Valley midway along the 20-mile-long Mary Mountain-Nez Perce Trail.

"Melican man" — American man. How one obnoxious tourist identified himself when he addressed "John," the Chinese cook at the Norris Geyser Basin campground.

Min, Anna and little Tom — Relatives of Miss Cruikshank who greeted her at the Hot Springs Hotel upon the completion of her tour of Yellowstone. They likely had toured some of the Park as well.

Miss Neave — Wealthy English lady who, with her two servants, had been camping on her own in Yellowstone for a month before she met and became friends with Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott at the Norris Geyser Basin campground.

Norris/Norris' — This refers to the Norris Geyser Basin and its campground, which are located 21 miles south of Mammoth Hot Springs. The former is the oldest, hottest and most dynamic thermal area in Yellowstone.

The Obsidian Cliffs — Located 13 miles south of Mammoth Hot Springs, the Obsidian Cliffs extend about a half-mile and are approximately 98 feet tall. The cliffs were formed from a thick rhyolite lava flow, creating a black glass that has been fashioned into tools for over 11,000 years by indigenous peoples.

Old Faithful — The most famous and visited cone geyser in the world. It erupts more frequently—about every 90 minutes—than any other big geysers. Its eruption averages about 195 feet high and lasts 1 ½ to 5 minutes. Its water temperature has remained constant over the years—244º F.

Park Branch R. R. — 51-mile-long branch of the Pacific Northwest Railway, completed in 1883, leading from Livingston, Montana to three miles north of Gardiner, Montana, which allowed tourists to more easily reach Yellowstone.

Earl Percy — Henry George Percy (1846 – 1918), Conservative politician and Member of Parliament for Northumberland, paid Arthur Brown's expenses to visit Yellowstone in 1883 and paint pictures of the Park's most notable views and phenomena.

The President's encampment — President Chester A. Arthur's camps during his August, 1883 visit to Yellowstone National Park were always set up away from the campgrounds that accommodated tourists. He and his entourage camped near Old Faithful at the same time that Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott stayed in a camp for tourists that was within sight of Old Faithful.

The Prismatic Spring — Located in the Midway Geyser Basin, this is Yellowstone's largest hot spring (the third largest in the world), measuring 200-300 feet in diameter and more than 120 feet deep. It's noted for its bright, vivid colors which are caused by microbial mats around its edges.

Pritchett — George A. Pritchett, a trapper. He and fellow trapper, Jack Baronett ("Yellowstone Jack"), found George Everts who in 1870 had been lost in Yellowstone for 37 days. They split a $600 reward that had been posted by Evarts' friends for anyone who found "the lost man," as Everts came to be known.

P.T.L. — Abbreviation for Lookout Point (also called Mt. Lookout or Point Lookout).

The Riverside — A cone geyser located next to the Firehole River in the Upper Geyser Basin. Erupting every 5 ½ to 7 hours, it shoots water to a height up to 75 feet in an arch over the river.

The Sawmill — A fountain geyser located in the Upper Geyser Basin, it's named for the whirring sound it makes and also how water spins in its crater, looking somewhat like the rotating circular blade of a lumber mill. Its eruptions generally occur every 1 to 3 hours.

The Sheepeaters — A nomadic band of the Shoshone tribe, called the Tukudeka in their Native American language. Before the reservation era, the Tududeka, which translated means "Eaters of mountain sheep" or "Sheepeaters," lived in the central Sawtooth Range of Idaho and the mountains of northwest Wyoming, including those in Yellowstone.

Sheridan — Lt. Gen. Philip Sheridan, the famous Union Army cavalry general whose troops laid waste to Virginia's Shenandoah Valley during the Civil War, was by 1883 commanding general of the U.S. Army. A fierce advocate for the protection of Yellowstone National Park, he led and organized President Arthur's visit to the Park.

Shoshone Lake — Yellowstone National Park's second largest lake, it is located about 9 miles southeast of Old Faithful.

Mr. Spalding — A member of the tourist party Miss Cruikshank and Miss Abbott ended up in, he killed a porcupine one night, disgusting Miss Cruikshank.

The Spasmodic — A constantly active fountain geyser in the Upper Geyser Basin, its 20 vents emit water which seems to be always bursting, bubbling and splashing. The water from its eruptions, which occur every 1 to 3 hours, does not go high—less than 10 feet.

Sugar Loaf — A mountain peak overlooking the Lamar Valley in northeastern Yellowstone. Lamar Valley is known as America's Serengeti for its very sizeable populations of bison and other large animals. Also, a mountain side composed of white geyserite is often called a "sugar loaf."

Sulphur Mountain — Small mountain composed of sulphur located in northeastern Yellowstone. It has some vents which emit sulphur fumes and crystals.

"Sunday does not come aboon the pass" — Scottish saying meaning that Sunday rest cannot be enjoyed before the efforts of the week are over.

Terrace Mountain — Also known as "Soda Mountain" and "White Mountain," it is located 2.2 miles southwest of Mammoth Hot Springs. With an elevation of 8,002 feet, it is an ancient terrace of travertine (a form of limestone).

U. G. — Abbreviation for the Upper Geyser Basin.

Upper Geyser Basin — Yellowstone is home to half of the world's geysers, with most of them being located in the Park's Upper Geyser Basin which in a one square mile area contains a remarkable 150 geysers. Several major geysers, such as Old Faithful, Grand, Castle, and Riverside, and located here.

Yellowstone Falls — Consists of two major falls—the Upper and Lower Falls. The Upper Falls is 104 feet high while the Lower Falls is more spectacular, being 308 feet high and twice the height of Niagara Falls. The Lower Falls is also the largest volume waterfall in the Rocky Mountains.

Yellowstone Lake — At 7,733 feet above sea level, it is the largest high elevation lake in North America, 132 square miles in size. Containing the largest population of wild cutthroat trout in North America, the lake's temperature is cold all year, with its average temperature being 41º F.

Yellowstone River — The last major undammed river in the lower 48 states, it flows in a general northeastern direction 671 miles from its source—Younts Peak in northwestern Wyoming— until it eventually merges with the Missouri River. Inside the Park it flows into Yellowstone Lake, leaves the lake and continues northwards through Hayden Valley.

Miss Margaret Cruikshank's Account of Her August, 1883 Visit to "Lost Yellowstone," the Park that Was

Note on the Yellowstone National Park
By M.A.C. (August, 1883)

From Mammoth Hot Springs to the Norris Geyser Basin

The morning of August 23rd we left the Mammoth Hot Springs to make the round of the Park. Our proposed route was this: to Norris Geyser Basin—21 miles; then coming back to the Forks of the Fire Hole River—15.2 miles; to Upper Geyser Basin—11 miles; then returning to the Forks of the Fire Hole River we would take a route in an easterly direction to the falls of the Yellowstone River—29.98 miles. Thence back again to the Forks and thence over the road first travelled to our starting point, the Mammoth Hot Springs. Our route may be roughly compared to three-fourths of a cross, the foot of which rested at the Hot Springs, while at the head, the extreme southern point was in the Upper Geyser Basin, and the one arm stretched eastward to Yellowstone Falls. The central point where they all met was the Forks of the Fire Hole River—in other words, "Marshall's."

It will be seen that every step had to be travelled over twice owing to the fact that but few roads are yet opened in the Park. A year or two will change all this and provide a far greater variety. The miles given are, I believe, surveyors' measure, but never were miles so absurdly understated. Be sure of this: that a Park mile, according to the guidebook, is worth any two, if not five, elsewhere. The horses that you start with have to make all the trip as there are no relays to be had (after leaving the Hot Springs, except at the Forks of the Fire Hole, you see not a house), and surely that last day's travel from the Forks to the Mammoth Hot Springs was to our feelings at least one hundred miles. Our man, Isaac Dorr, an experienced Utah stage driver, said, "It was a good fifty miles as I ever drove." Yet the guidebook called it only thirty-six.

I shall now describe our team. Having an outside seat for our driver, Isaac, we rode inside a light, very well-made two-seated, four-person-capacity carriage. It had a top and curtains all around that were kept rolled up for air and view. This vehicle was drawn by two strong horses, mountain-born and mountain-bred—a great attribute for no other horseflesh could endure such toil

for a day. At the rear of our carriage was a trunk which stored a small tent, blankets, and cooking utensils; oats and a bucket for the horses' use were not forgotten; while inside, under our seats, were boxes and baskets carrying provisions. Our wraps, waterproofs, handbags and guidebooks also found places, and we were ready to start—four of us beside the driver. What I have said about the horses will be appreciated when I state that the first thing to be done was to climb Terrace Mountain. Within the distance of two miles four "hitches," as they call them, carried us nearly 3,000 feet higher than the level of the hotel from which we started. Animals drawing loaded teams sometimes cannot make this in less than a day, yet tourists expect to be hauled up in the course of an hour or so, and have their poor overtaxed horses start off at a good pace for Norris', nearly twenty miles beyond.

As we got up among the mountains, we discovered more snow, nothing wonderful, but changing amphitheatrical panoramas—rapid streams, one of which was a beauty with the clearest water that we crossed over on a bridge. Another one we forded brought us to our camping place—only we did not *camp*. Instead, horses were unharnessed and immediately took advantage of their freedom to roll in the rich grass, then ate, drank and rested.

We came across a mountain family before us in a little fir grove bordering the meadow: two men, two women, rude farm wagon, springless, covered, little dog and a child. As someone said, "It seemed as if all Montana was on the move for the Park." We constantly met the most rustic of vehicles drawn by the roughest of farm animal and filled by the genuine sons and daughters of the soil. It was really strange to see how perfectly this class appreciated the wonders of the place and how glad they are to leave for a while their hard labor for the adventure, the beautiful and the sublime. They always carried their outfit and camped every night. I have no doubt that they saw more and enjoyed more than conventional travelers. While we were choosing our picnic ground, they set up their tent for a long rest. The women alone lied down in it—the men gossiped on a log, the little one toddled from one to another while the dog slept with one eye open, prepared to resist and keep any intruders away from our party.

After arranging our provisions, all of us, driver included, ate together in a very democratic way while the horses had a nose bag lunch. Then Isaac gave each of the horses a short

curry in order to invigorate them. As he next set about harnessing them, we looked about. On the declivity where we had sat, angular obsidian fragments lied thick strewn (as indeed they are almost everywhere thro' the Park). I must add that we had three more open air lunches—two going and returning from Yellowstone Falls and the last one on our visit's final day, between Marshall's and the Hot Springs. When hungry time came, we would say, "Isaac, stop at the first good place," and he fortunately always knew where, as we would have been at a loss.

We resumed. In the Park it is impossible for any disciple of Mr. Bergh to sit still in the carriage. At our ascent's steepest points the four of us got out and walked—and then began our sufferings. The dirt was almost ankle-deep, and the heat and clarity of the air made it a serious business. Still it had to be done, if we expected these same horses to last through our journey. Tourists do not always consider this and in some cases horses give out entirely. The parties are thus forced to wait hours for fresh ones, or rather, less faded ones, to be sent to them.

Yellowstone Park is no heaven for horses. I shall not attempt to describe everything, for that has been done by more skillful pens than mine. I wish rather to speak of the points that struck me and that others have sometimes passed over. This may be laid down as certain: wherever you go there are streams to ford, corduroy roads to jounce over, sagebrush plains to crawl along and mountains to cross. The strong can stand it, and enjoy it; but, this is no place for the delicate. Even the strong would be satisfied with less of it. I never longed for railroads as much as I did there.

As we made our way to Norris, the first wonder we came upon was the Obsidian Cliffs, upheaved somewhat columnar masses of black volcanic glass, suggesting mines of the finest anthracite. The road beneath them is macadamized with the fragments—essentially a glass road a quarter of a mile long.

After passing this wonder, what struck us next was the immense quantity of fallen timber on the mountain sides. Previous explorers—Langford and others—speak of the difficulty of making their way through it, but no one can understand their point without seeing it. As I have said, the entire Park appears to be formed of geyserite. If so, the mountains are geysers that became extinct so long ago that the slow process of ages has clothed them with a thin coating of soil. Upon

this rise forests of conifers, sometimes tall and dense; however, very often there is presented the sight of a whole mountainside of fallen trees—acres and square miles of them. One of our party remarked, “A terrible cyclone must have passed by here,” but the trees have not fallen all in one direction nor in circles. It was not one wind but the winds of years that laid them low. The accepted theory is this: they lived as long as they could be supported by their soil and then each in turn yielded to the first strong win. Proof of this may be found in the contorted appearance of their limbs, and especially of their upturned roots. One cannot but feel that they once had consciousness, and sympathize in the vain struggles that they made for nourishment. Poor creatures—they lived in misery and died writhing in agony. Even in death they accuse their native mountains, “We asked for food and you gave us a stone;” for many a twisted root holds with a seemingly convulsive grasp a mass of the unsatisfying geyserite. Another remark made was, “Oh, what a waste of fuel! Enough to warm the poor of the whole country.” However, that too is not just the right way of looking at it. It is not waste. The downed trees are doing their appointed work: slowly moldering away to make a greater depth of soil for denser forests and larger growth.

We had left the Hot Springs Hotel before eleven, and it was after dark when we reached Norris—so long are twenty-one miles in the Park. It had been hot during the day, but as evening approached, we were glad to draw about us heavy wraps. This was our constant experience. It was well that accident had prevented our wearing the usually advised winter clothing, for in the middle of the day, especially when climbing hills, it would have been intolerable.

Our faithful Isaac sometimes tried our patience by care for his horses, but we were satisfied afterwards that he was right because our tourist party ended up faring better than most. As we started just in advance of the first detachment of the Hatch Party (some twenty-five—all that the slender accommodations could provide for at once), we had had the “pleasure” all day of being passed by equestrians and teams; and now as we mounted the slight hill upon which the hotel tents were placed, we found ourselves the last-to-arrive of numerous parties and no welcome addition.

The caravanserai at Norris consisted of half a dozen tents: one for the dining room, one for the kitchen, and four for sleeping; and all told, drivers included, there were seventy of use there that night! The accommodations were ludicrously insufficient, and all who could provide for

F. J. Haynes, photographer

Hot Springs Hotel (ca. 1886)

Located in the Mammoth Hot Springs area in Yellowstone, which historically was the first stop in the Park for visitors, this hotel, built in the Queen Anne style, also went by the name of the National Hotel when it first opened in 1883.

themselves at once withdrew. Among these were our two fellow passengers—a gentleman and his wife. Guided by Isaac, they found a tolerable camping place, ate a hastily cooked supper, set up their three yards of canvas and crawled in, while Isaac took to the carriage. Miss A. and I, however, had no tent, and had to rely upon the overtaxed resources of Norris. But, where did all the seventy come from? There were many tourist parties in the Park, and by a fatality they all focused that night at Norris. We and others would gladly have waited till the work was over, but there we were; we had to go on or turn back within sight of the goal.

It had been the plan of the Park authorities—and very properly—that the best accommodations should be reserved for the Hatch Party, but a high military dignitary had stolen a march upon them, gotten there first and had taken possession of at least one tent for the accommodation of his ladies. When therefore the Hatch Party arrived, great was their dissatisfaction to find even the poor accommodations that had been promised them not at their command.

As we ascended the hill, what a scene presented itself! The air had grown keen and frosty; a great campfire had been kindled about which sat or stood, for even the crude seats were insufficient, about fifty ladies and gentlemen, with all the unseated wearing an air of uncertainty, deepening into anxiety. The immediate necessity was supper, and for that a man, his wife, one waiter and one Chinaman—the whole effective force of the caravanserai—were doing their best. When it was served, all the company could not sit down at once: it took many relays and was more or less a scramble.

The "How and where shall I sleep?" became the important question. Miss A. and myself at once resigned all hope of decent accommodation, thankful if only we were not left entirely shelterless. There fortune favored us, and we found a most agreeable fellow sufferer in an English lady, Miss Neave. She was one of those independent single women of wealth and position who followed the example of Miss Bird, determined to see foreign countries, though not after the goldfish fashion. With her own servants she had been camping in the Park for a month. She had pitched her tents or had "breakin' camp" as fancy dictated, staying till fully satisfied in favored spots. She had entered from the south by Beaver Canyon, had visited the Geyser and Falls regions, but had not seen the Mammoth Hot Springs. In charge of two of her servants—a man and his wife—she had not sent forward her camping equipment to Beaver Canyon, while in a light buckboard with a driver she made her way north and back again. Knowing nothing of the predicament the Hatch Party was contending with, she too on this particular night turned up at Norris!

We three "lone women" made common cause, and as soon as supper was cleared away, the host of the "grand hotel" informed us that he would give us a corner of the dining tent, adding that he had no other accommodation to offer. In this same tent fifteen gentlemen were to sleep. They were busy arranging their blankets when we went in. Some had two and indulged in the luxury of having a blanket beneath as well as above them. With our handbags in hand and each of us with our own blanket, we marched to our appointed corner. The camp's host—poor driven man—was graciousness itself. "Ladies, if you have any pins, I will put up a curtain for you." The pins were provided; but, the curtain, a dirty piece of burlap, was as odd as Dick's hatband (that went halfway round and tucked under). It ran along the feet of our "private apartment," but left the broad side

wholly exposed. “Here, ladies, is a pillow for you,” and with these encouraging words he hauled out from beneath a crude bench, which had been laying partly on the bare ground and partly on a quarter of beef, a very dirty burlap sack full, he said, of potatoes! After these princely acts, he left us to our slumbers. Miss Neave indulged in a few regrets that her servants were not here to make a bed for us of fir tips—“the most delightful bed in the world,” she claimed. Then seeing that necessity knows no law, she yielded gracefully to circumstances: even as an old campaigner, she showed us how to make the best of things.

It was a cold night. Before morning ice froze half an inch thick. We could not afford to put anything beneath us as each blanket, though double, was too narrow to go both under and over a person. So, utilizing them to the best advantage we laid down, looking like thin gray mummies. Because the carpet gave out on the side next to the wall of the tent where I was to sleep, Mother Earth served as my mattress. We had fine ventilation also—an opening in the tent close by and just over my head, it being a one-foot in diameter hole for a stove pipe. Yet we slept, a sleep broken by many interruptions, but on the whole not unrefreshing. One of the earliest interruptions of the night was a strange wild cry of distress apparently, followed the next minute by an unmistakable meow, though its magnified proportions indicated that a catamount or panther was prowling round the camp. The snort of the horses responded, then all was quiet again. The creature probably thought discretion the better part of valor and slunk back to the covert.

Some, not as well provided for as ourselves, could not stand the cold, and leaving the tent rekindled the campfire. Others vainly assailed the Chinaman with “John, John, get up and make Melican man some coffee—hot coffee, John, two, three, ten dollar, John, <u>Oh John</u>!” But, John Chinaman knew his rights too well and refused to stir. The employees are protected in their regular hours of rest; otherwise, they would be at the mercy of unscrupulous travelers. The bustle had roused us, and we could not help saying to each other, “Oh, if we could only get warm; just one little warm nap before we have to get up.” Seeing a gentleman near us, I ventured to ask him if he would please throw over us some of the discarded blankets, which he kindly did, and we secured our “one little warm nap.”

The next disturbance was caused by High Officer—General Brisbane—and his preparation

for an early start. High Officer, by the way, had had to sleep in our tent and had added to the general discomfort by snoring fiercely and persistently. He was the object of a storm of objurgations, of which it is fair to infer that he was unconscious, as he snored through the whole of it. “An officer is he?” “Drills by trumpet, doesn’t he?” “Trumpet! He is worse than an elephant—might drill a whole army.” “He’s a regular old geyser.” “Oh, a geyser is decent—only goes off once an hour; he kept it up all night forty times a minute!” Even our English lady friend could not help saying something about the “Opera nosett” and modestly asked if someone wouldn’t please “shy a Hessian at him.” Whether this he did hear and whether it drew down his vengeance on our group I know not; but, when his driver came in to collect the blankets to be packed, and finding the number short, asked where they were, High Officer (not a West Point graduate, incidentally) gruffly answered, “Over those women.” I looked up to make restitution and was met by the unexpected (but under the circumstances very natural) salute from the driver, “Well, *girls*, how did you sleep?” Modulating my voice to its lowest and sweetest key, I said slowly, “Are you speaking to us?” Not quite certain yet that he had made a mistake, he questioned, “Perhaps you think you are ladies?” In this same tone I replied, “We think we are.” The man’s manner changed completely, and he said respectfully, “I beg your pardon, ladies,” thus showing himself rather more of a gentleman than his employer. It was the only kind of rudeness or disrespect that we received in the Park, and this we owed to a high officer of the United States Army. Miss Neave could not understand it. “What! An officer in the army?” And I knew not how to explain it without saying very unpatriotic things. I mumbled something about “frontier service” and dropped the subject.

Having got through the night, the next thing was how to make a toilet. Alas! No conventionalities, no decencies for us that morning. I appealed to our English friend. “Shake yourself like a donkey—that is all you can do,” said she, and inasmuch that she was an old campaigner, I felt that she knew. I sallied out and found the gentlemen making their toilet *al fresco* with tin basins on a board. I wondered if this was not more than our foreign guests had bargained for; however, they took it good humoredly as part of their introduction to the wilderness of America. Seeing no possible chance of even a tin basin for myself, nor not even a mug of water, I took courage and with cloth in hand advanced to the wash bench. “Will you please, Sir, pour a little water over this cloth for me?” The nearest gentleman obliged me; with my wet cloth I rubbed off my face and fingertips, and my toilet was made. My hair was not touched from my rising of

one day at the Hot Springs till my going to bed of the next at the Upper Geyser Basin! Such is how we lived in the Park.

High Officer, though, had not yet filled up the measure of his evil deeds. He ordered a special early breakfast for his own party who were not quite intended to be thus favored. It quite upset the culinary department, so much so that the true breakfast was long in coming. We therefore had considerable time to look about us and especially to make better acquaintance with our English friend, Miss Neave. After our previous night's ordeal, stimulants were much in demand—there was no help for it. Miss A. and I had a mere vial of brandy, but we were glad enough to have recourse to it and offered it to Miss Neave. She declined, brandy not being her "tipple," but went off into the kitchen where she got hot water and condensed milk and came back with a whiskey punch which she kindly shared with us, declaring that there was no getting through such an experience without frequent "little goes" of strong waters. Then we sat down in the tent and waited for the cooking of the second breakfast.

As we waited for our meal, one English lady of the Hatch Party came up to Miss Neave and seemed solicitous of a closer acquaintance with her. Miss Neave was polite but cool, and when said lady retired she remarked to us, "That person is of what we call the tradesman class in England." Wasn't that English? However, Miss Neave was right—the English members of the Hatch Party were certainly not highbred. Another related instance is worth mentioning. While we were all waiting—all hungry alike—an Englishman came into the tent. Seeing the table partly set, he found some milk in a pitcher. He next poured out and drank two glasses full and also called his wife to partake. It was only condensed milk and water, but such as it was, it was all that could be had for our coffee. Someone told the waiter who, being a free and easy young man, followed the Englishman out of the tent, shooing him away with his voice and towel, as if he had been a fly! Then, as he walked back to his business, the waiter said, "That I call the height of sass!" It was irresistibly funny, and the victim himself laughed. But still no breakfast—still we talked with Miss Neave.

Miss Neave frankly told Miss A. and me that she likes us because we indulged in no tall talk which she seemed to consider the vice of all Americans. That everyone here "commenced"

instead of "beginning," "performed their ablutions" instead of "washing their faces" and "retired to rest" instead of "going to bed." I told her that I had often heard of this fault being laid to the charge of Americans in England and that I thought I understood the reason why. Every nation has its free and easy speech—its colloquialisms; but, the American finds his colloquialisms hooted at as provincialities, while he does not know the equivalent British expressions. The consequence is that he takes refuge in dictionary words and book phrases—and then, poor man, is laughed at more than ever. I laughed good-naturedly at her expressions—"Shy a Hessian" and "little goes"—which she in all good faith defended. "Yes," I said, "but our equivalents you would call provincialisms or slang. You see we are in a different position."

Journey from Norris to Marshall's

At last we got our breakfast and group by group took to our carriages, with our destination being Marshall's and the Upper Geyser Basin. We had a cordial leave-taking with Miss Neave and the exchange of cards. I am to visit her when I go to England. As an aside, I will add that at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, Miss Neave made acquaintance with Min, who was delighted with her. When I returned, Min had much to say to me of this charming English lady; she wished so much that I could have met her! "Humph," said I. "I slept with her at Norris. We became fast friends and I am to visit her when I go to England." Then Min lamented that she had never thought of the possibility of our meeting—had never mentioned me to her.

The Norris Geyser Basin is on the headwaters of the Gibbon River, one of the branches of the Madison. From the road we surveyed it, seeing a square mile or so of hot springs and geyser-like action. We looked down upon a valley that seemed all boiling water, and puffs, embryo geysers, etc.—just crusted over with a sheet of geyserite and looking exceedingly treacherous. They say that explorers have ventured there, but I wouldn't for any money. Along the road, nearer and remoter, were fiercely boiling cauldrons, paint pots and geysers, little and big—but none are so big and wonderful as those in the Upper Geyser Basin. If this was all we could see, it would be worth the journey, and I have no doubt would reward delay and investigation. One great curiosity is the difference in action and products of side-by-side springs; one sees whole pools of robin's egg blue, then gray, then chocolate color, then transparently June white. And, in the incrustations

of a single spring are often successive layers of different colors, seeming to indicate a change of constitution from time to time. But, what is the use of trying to describe! It is indeed a wonderland, and mortal language seems entirely inadequate for this purpose.

Our next stop was Marshall's, located on the Forks of the Fire Hole River. To reach this we went through Gibbon Canyon—with its rocks often towering above us, though never being so narrow or so dark as to be very impressive. In some places the rocks encroach so that the road is in the river, but only for a short distance. Conifers, of course, are the chief growth, but there are low shrubs in sheltered places and many flowers. Only the autumn flowers bloomed for us, mostly blue-colored ones—harebells, monkshood, and gentian. Our predecessors say the Park is rich in wildflowers of all hues; but, I looked in vain for ferns and when they did appear, they were only brakes. However, ferns of beautiful varieties are found in the Park, but not on our route. In any case, it pleased me to meet during my visit my old friend of the Virginia rocks—life everlasting.

Wherever one goes in the Park boiling springs may be found. There is one close to the Gibbon River, so close that it is difficult to get by it. A team that we met just there had come to grief—at least one of the horses certainly had. The poor creature had fallen not into the springs' mud, but into a quagmire that the escaping hot waters had made in the road. I hope it did not find its involuntary bath very hot. It did not seem to suffer, for I observed it standing patiently in the river while its friends were trying to wash off its beplastered sides and stiffened tail. At any rate it was a warning to us. We got out of our carriage and carefully picked our way across while Isaac, by the aid of some logs, managed the safe navigation of the team. Another team more luckless than us was almost wrecked and we had to help them right themselves. Often the road is so narrow that precautions have to be taken a mile ahead in order to prevent the meeting of teams where it would be impossible to pass. Except between Norris and the Upper Geyser Basin (where Marshall's intervenes), travelers must look to their own ways and means, as it is an uninhabited wilderness that they traverse between their morning start and evening rest.

Despite the various challenges the Park presents to a visitor, there was one comfort to me in enjoying this wonderland. It was the fact that we did not steal it from the Indians. They always avoided it from superstitions as well as natural terrors, believing that the awful noises made by the

geysers were the groans of their ancestors in torment. Only the Sheepeaters, an inferior tribe, or outcasts from all tribes, took refuge there.

After leaving Norris our route lay along the Gibbon River, one of the headwaters that, with the Fire Hole River, forms the Madison River. The Gibbon here runs nearly south through quite a canyon, though we were generally above and too far from the edge to see its fine scenery; even the falls of the Gibbon—if one can get to them—were quite beyond our reach. The lack of time was our chief difficulty. Many things had to be passed by—the monument geysers and the paint pots, of which the latter, by means of a toilsome walk through the brush, we saw only a few second-rate specimens. They were cauldrons of boiling mud—boiled till it was as fine as flour paste and thick as mush—blob, blobbing in great sullen bubbles that gave off steam or gas. There were two of them side-by-side—one stewing a light chocolate paint and the other a light blue. All about these was evidence of paint pots that had ceased to boil—had, in fact, dried up; their "paint" was returning to the dust from whence it came, retaining nothing of its peculiar coloring: just mere vulgar hardened mud.

So, we went on—a rather monotonous day's journey till the afternoon brought us to the Forks of the Fire Hole River, which is to say, to Marshall's. About a mile before we reached this, we came to a substantial log house—almost the only *house* in the Park—that is a government building. Some kind of official has his headquarters there and it professes also to be a post office, but I fancy the mail is not very regular.

Just before we reached Marshall's we forded a stream which Isaac electrified me by calling it the Madison. According to him, it was formed by the junction of the Fire Hole and the East Fork of the Fire Hole, with the Gibbon running farther downstream. I can't quite satisfy myself by the maps—anyhow, we were on the headwaters of the Madison River where I never expected to be. I look back half a century to the little log schoolhouse in Virginia where I first remember studying geography. I could hear my own young voice repeating, "The Missouri is formed by the junction of three great rivers, the Jefferson, Madison, and the Gallatin"—and here I was at that dimly imagined scene! Such things thrill me.

Well, by fording the stream (about up to the hubs of our carriage), dragging ourselves up a slight acclivity, then traveling about a quarter of a mile over a level plain while passing a hot spring utilized as a water supply for a bath and wash house, we succeeded in reaching Marshall's Hotel—a log house, or rather two or three of them put together. Beyond this house towards the West and South one views pine-covered hills and mountains not at all grand. This time we only stopped to lunch and bait the horses. As we afterwards spent two nights there, I will describe the place more fully later on.


George W. Marshall

George Marshall is a man who having, of course, no right has chosen to assume that he could keep such a house of entertainment, that the Company would be glad to let him stay. While only rough teamsters and hunters visited the Park, I suppose he gave satisfaction, they too being few. But, now that crowds throng there and are of a more fastidious sort, Marshall won't do. Marshall must go.

The effective force here was only three—Marshall, his wife and a Chinaman; and they were all overworked and cross. Not being fore-thoughted nor fore-handed as to providing, and not having high standards, I cannot praise their results. A detachment of the Hatch Party had

preceded us and had eaten up everything <u>clean</u>, except some dry <u>imported</u> baker's bread and some poor cake. After a wearisome delay we managed to get some very hot water with which we made some "Lieby's Extract" beef tea from our own stores. As we crumbled the baker's bread into this, we were charged 50 cents apiece. We left as soon as possible.

There were now 12 miles between us and the Upper Geyser Basin whither our friends Bishop and Mrs. Foss (of the Methodist Church), Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas and our good neighbor, Mrs. Gobeen, had all preceded us. We had made the journey together from Minneapolis; but Miss A's and my joint baggage, containing just the things thought <u>we must have</u> in the Park got left behind at Livingston. We waited a day for it—it did not come. And after all we were obliged to go on without it, which put us to funny experiences, but we got along. This made us one day behind and threw us into the company of a Mr. and Mrs. Spalding of Fargo.

Of course, the first thing we had to do was cross a mountain. We could from the plain see our road, a white streak out in the geyserite—ascending till lost in the summit. This was one of the roads whose traversal was difficult; it was just a notch in the mountainside and lookouts had to be stationed here and there to give warning. It was very steep for the horses and even I got out and walked. Might as well clap your feet down at each step, into a starch bag—just about as white and crumbly! But once at the road's top, what a view! Marshall's and our road for miles lay beneath us, and the rivers with their junction. Here and there, near and far, clouds of steam rising thro' the dark pines told of concealed wonders never to be enjoyed by us, while all around rose the mountains.

But, oh the climb, that hot afternoon with only the thin air which refused to fill my laboring lungs. I huffed and panted until my chest and sides were sore. As a gentleman (Dr. Baxter, Garfield's physician and friend) said, "I have the muscle to climb these mountains, but it completely winds me." We were exceedingly anxious to reach the Upper Geysers before sunset and therefore kept along on the east bank of the Fire Hole River, refusing to cross a little bridge and go over to the west side to see "Hell's Half Acre." However, we could see the "formation," a bank of white geyserite sloping to the river parallel with our course for at least a quarter of a mile.

Of that more anon. Shortly after we had left it behind, we met a four-horse ambulance, and Isaac said it contained the President Arthur's Party. We did not precisely meet it—we more had a good look at it—but we hoped to have a better chance to meet up with it, for the President's Party was encamped in the Upper Geyser Basin.

The first thing that informed us that we were nearing our destination was a geyser in full blast. It was close to the river, just where we had to cross it by a bridge (you may imagine boiling water is not good for horses' feet), for once in the Geyser Basin the road is on the West. The geyser was the Riverside, firing away across the river, creating a remarkable steamy, hot water arch as it did so. If the wind blows directly towards the bridge (as was the case when our Minneapolis friends crossed), there is not getting over till the performance is ended. . . 10 to 13 minutes. It goes off three times a day. After this every step revealed new wonders, that is to say, the formations of world-renowned geysers—the Giant, the Castle, the Grotto, etc.—were around us; but, I am sorry to say, as they were not in active operation, they were only spurting a little water which falls in sprays or were throwing up an inconsiderable amount of steam.

At the Upper Geyser Basin

The sun was setting when we found ourselves before the semi-circle of tents—between 20 and 30—that formed the Company's Hotel. Back, hidden from ours by a tongue of pines, was the President's encampment. Our friends met us with hearty greetings and, perhaps more to the point—Mr. Hobart, tho' at his wits' end and striving to do the impossible. He too came forward cordially and after a few moments of puzzled thought took us to a tent which was to be all our own. I could but exclaim (after our experience at Norris) "Palatial magnificence!" Yes, indeed!

We were put in complete possession of a 13 X 16 ft. tent, with a rough-hewn wooden door fastened by a button inside and with a string to wind around a nail outside, when the ladies were "not at home." It had a bright striped hemp carpet tacked all round to the lowest bar of its frame (slender firs) and a good mattress bed on the floor with a white honeycomb quilt. The nightstand was a rough packing box, but it was furnished with a pitcher and basin, plenty of soft geyser water, soap and two towels. Our candle was stuck in a bottle and we rejoiced in a chair. Was not this

F. J. Haynes, photographer

The Riverside Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin (ca. 1899)

"palatial magnificence?" It took but a few moments to make the toilet then in order to wash faces, hands, and to shake off the worst of the dust. For supper was ready and who cared for personal appearances in the Park?

Around the rear of the smaller lodging tents were the larger dining room and kitchen. Mr. Hobart again met us and led us to the dining room where we were speedily exchanging experiences with our friends and satisfying our appetites. While were as busy as possible with both, we heard a "SWO-O-O-P!" and "there he goes!" was the cry. It was dear Old Faithful—the never disappointing, the beautiful, the grand, the typical geyser. Mr. Hobart drew aside the tent curtain and there not an eighth of a mile away towered, in the rosy evening light, the clean shaft, the fearless column. Believe me, for a while we could only look and exclaim; the display lasting some 5 or 6 minutes.

After supper we looked about us a little, trying to take in the singularity of the situation. Just where the tents were there was soil and a thin herbage while back of us to the south, coniferous forests. In front, looking north and east, was the Fire Hole River, a slender stream and on the opposite side its bank, for a great extent, seemed all white geyserite and full of hot springs and geysers, with most of the latter being recognizable by a crater-like formation rising above the general surface. This, however, is by no means invariable as some of the largest geysers—the Giantess for example—have no such appearance.

Framing the whole were dark fir-crowned <u>hills</u>—yet we were within a few miles of the divide of the continent. Alas! I shall have to go to Switzerland to see mountains. Soon Bishop Foss, taking out his watch, said, "Come, it's about time for Faithful again." So, we walked up towards his mound, which is partly on soil and partly on damp geyserite from his last eruption.

Old Faithful has an irregular crater which during his quiet intervals one can stand close to and lay one's hand upon; looking into it you only see iron-stained geyserite, but no water, tho' it can be heard gurgling. There is no escape of steam. Even when he explodes, by noticing the wind's direction, one can stand right by the side of the cone.

F. J. Haynes, photographer

Yellowstone Park Improvement Company tourist camp, Upper Geyser Basin, 1883

Our friends felt themselves well acquainted with Old Faithful's ways. Emboldened by their example, we climbed over the terraced pools of water that every eruption fills afresh and stood close beside the silent cone. Soon, after a gurgle and a roar of steam, there came a spurt, throwing water a few feet above the cone. . . then another and another a little higher—perhaps four or five such—then with a rush and a whiz of a tremendous projectile, the boiling water shot into the air some 130 feet above our heads. There are other geysers that rise higher, much, but for all practical purposes this is enough, and as you step back in dread and awe, the 130 or 140 feet is just as grand as if it were 200 feet or more. That Faithful rises so straight and clean, not interfered with by side spurts and splashings, adds to him being the perfect geyser. Bless him! He is entirely all that we had anticipated and was so reliable, playing for us every hour, that we learned to love him. And that seemed to be the general feeling, enhanced by the disappointment caused by the very capricious conduct of his kinfolk.

I overheard one of the drivers discourse on the subject of Old Faithful, and he seemed to represent well the common view. Said he, "When I invest my money in geysers, I'll take Old Faithful every time. Why, if it weren't for him, there'd be no Park; the whole thing would be a fraud." The second time that we saw Old Faithful, just the last gleam of daylight was in the west and the stars were out. There again! Why couldn't we have had moonlight for our trip? Take warning by our fate—don't go to the Park without consulting the Almanac nor without ascertaining the periods of the geysers. What would we not have given to see the display of the Grotto, the Castle, the Grand and above all, the Giantess! The latter, as I have said, goes off only once a fortnight and we were just seven days too late and too early.

Well, in spite of Old Faithful's fascinations we were glad enough to go to our tent and prepare for bed. It was a luxury to comb out one's hair, untouched since the morning of the previous day which, in the light of our varied experiences, seemed ages past. Our bed was good enough—clean and not too hard, but I could not sleep for some time. Miss Abbott laughed at me and called it a notion; however, I ran my hand under the mattress and instead of experiencing the feeling of cool damp fresh earth, I declare, it was warm! I thought so then and think so still. But then I need not have been alarmed. Quite naturally the surface of the whole basin is warm, and to do the geysers and hot springs justice they never break out in a new place. Some such thoughts came to the aid of my fatigue and I was able to go to sleep.

The next morning I was up bright and early, but not early enough. I walked up to Old Faithful's mound which brought me into full view of the President's encampment. It was all astir for a start. Some foreigners and I were watching anxiously for a sight of the ruler of this great country. The ambulance that we had seen the night before stood ready as we fancied waiting for him. Alas! We were disappointed. He, Sheridan, Lincoln and other top officials had taken to saddle an hour before and were off for Shoshone Lake and geysers still further south and apart from the usual route of travel. We could only see the long train of pack mules and part of the military escort—in all some hundreds. Quite a sight, but the magnates had escaped us. It seemed churlish of the President to treat thus, not only his lieges but the foreign guests. It is part of his office to be looked at. I was ashamed of him. He had secluded himself from all eyes while he was in the basin. Among other noticeable figures in retinue were some Indian scouts. I was told that they did not

F. J. Haynes, photographer

President Arthur's Ambulance Train
Fort Washakie, Wyoming Territory (130 miles southeast of Yellowstone), August, 1883

like to be in the valley at all—dreaded the geysers. Spoke of "white man's medicine" preserving him from danger, but intimated that they were unprotected.

It was Sunday morning. I thought of the Scotch lassie's saying, "Sunday does not come aboon the pass," for here we were surrounded by wonders that we must see now or never, being forced to leave the valley that afternoon. A detachment of the Hatch Party was in a like fix—or at least its members thought they were. They had intended to arrive early Saturday afternoon in time for extended sightseeing, which with more scheduled for Sunday morning would have been considered their portion. Then, they must move on and make room for the next detachment. This program was, however, nullified by our charming General Brisbane. His capers contained them so late at Norris that they did not arrive at the U. G. much before we did—too late for explorations.

Seeing the displeasing condition of things affecting this Hatch Party group, Mr. Hobart made a speech to them at the breakfast table. He told them that if they would welcome the next

F. J. Haynes, photographer

President Chester A. Arthur's Party at Upper Geyser Basin, (August 24, 1883)
(Seated from left: Montana Governor Schuyler Crosby, Lt. Gen. Philip Sheridan, President Arthur, War Secretary Robert T. Lincoln, Senator George Vest; Standing from left: Lt. Col. Michael Sheridan, General Anson Stager, Captain Philip Clark, Surrogate of New York, Daniel Rollins, and Lt. Col. James F. Gregory.)

detachment, due that afternoon, and cheerfully share their accommodations with them, not making them feel that they were intruders, then they might stay till the next day. This created a great sensation. Applause was heard along with "Thank you!"—"We will!"—"It will be perfect happiness to rest here another night," and other expressions of joy and gratefulness. One lady said, "Mr. Hobart, I'll go right off and make my bed," for here as everywhere there were no servants to speak of.

As soon as possible, Miss A. and I set off on our travels. We crossed the Fire Hole on a little footbridge just in front of the camp and ascended the geyser hill. Now, although it is not the least use for me to try to describe it, nonetheless I'll say that we observed very strange formations

with bubbling and steaming pools—some with no rim above the general surface, some blue, some green, and some dripping their basin with iron rust.

The Giantess has a slightly raised mound and a rimless pool about 30 feet across—blue and slightly boiling, but with no great beauty or striking features. We stood by it for some time and wished that we could see it go off. But, I should not choose to be so close when it does, for they say that the earth is shaken as if by an earthquake, and the tents (on the opposite of the river) reel. It discharges with short intervals of quiet for more than 24 hours, throwing its column to the height of 250 feet. They say the volume of the Fire Hole River is sometimes doubled by its waters.

I must point out that it seems to me that many descriptions of Yellowstone's geysers have been exaggerated. In my guidebook I read that the little pools around Old Faithful have "pink and yellow margins and, being constantly wet, the colors are 'beautiful beyond description.'" Then, all I can say is that I must be colorblind. I could see faint ashes of roses tint, a pearly gray and the tawny yellow of iron rust, but "brilliant beyond description" makes one imagine vivid greens, intense yellows, clear blues, flaming scarlets, and flowing crimsons; and I saw none of these. (See Note at end of M.S.) Yet occasionally we did see beautiful things, beautiful enough for a poet's dream. I remember that we paused long by an inactive geyser whose pool was the perfection of geyser water—a great pure sparkling sapphire rippling with heat and catching the sunlight on its undulations to reflect it in broken gleams into its wondrous depths. It was bordered as far down as we could see by the softest of coral-like formations, white and pearl gray. Here we stood entranced, gazing into its funnel throat for perhaps twenty feet. Far down in its indigo depths there would form a phantom—a faint white cloud—growing whiter and more defined as it floated up to the surface and discharged itself in ebullition. That will give you an idea of the heat of the water—that masses of steam rise thro' it uncondensed.

As we went one, we were joined by some of the Hatch Party—all making for the Grand which it was hoped would go off in the course of the days.   It boiled and splashed and spurted to the height of perhaps ½ a dozen feet a number of times, exciting our hopes to the utmost, but go off it would not. It was small comfort to hear a habitué of the place say, "Why, when I was coming into the basin last week, the Grand and the Spasmodic were both in clear play, clear up, hundreds

William Henry Jackson, photographer

The Giantess Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin, 1883

of feet!” The Spasmodic finally gave an inferior exhibition, but the Grand was sullen and refused to perform. It is well back from the River up against the mountainside which is here formed of dark gray rock. Doctor Bergman of Vienna, by whose side I found myself, was interested in this not very common phenomenon, as it is metamorphic geyserite—signifying the ages upon ages that this action has been going on, and this slow work of subterranean fire as well as water.

The hillside about the Grand seems full of geyser action. We were interested in a small vent that was blowing off steam like an engine. Close by there was, bubbling up thro’ a crevice, a hint of a miniature geyser. Dr. Bergman took my stick—we all walked with sticks there—and poked a little crater for it to play in. It shot up its little fountain a few inches into the air, behaving quite like a full-grown geyser. As such changes go on here from time to time, we may have aided in the development of a mighty geyser for the future. We named it Geyser Bergman.

After Old Faithful the most satisfactory sight was the Sawmill. This erupted several times during the two hours, from 20 to 30 minutes at a time, with a regular kind of throb that, at a little distance sound like a sawmill. It kindly gave us one of its most beautiful exhibitions. It rises from a lovely blue pool, very shallow near its rims, then suddenly deepening. It throws up not a shaft, but rather a full fountain, though not more than 30 feet. However, the water is so beautifully broken into large drops that flash like diamonds in the sun that while the performance lasts it is impossible to turn away. Lingering about, in hope of seeing the Grand, we saw the Sawmill twice.

F. J. Haynes, photographer

The Sawmill, Upper Geyser Basin, ca. 1883

Another strange thing about the geysers is the different depositions; about some, soft and ashy; about others, harder but very friable. Around Faithful the ridges that separate the pools are

of a delicate beaded and coral-like work tinged with a soft bloom. It looks as if a touch would crush it, but it is in reality hard. We walked on it in going up to the cone and it did not break. At the Sawmill we found the shallow edge of the pool containing separate pebbles of geyserite smoothed by water action as if broken off in the depths and whirled round and round in its subterranean cauldron till in good shape for specimens and then hurled forth. But, while we sat by the Sawmill we saw none fall. In fact, so few geysers spurted while we were in the valley that I sensed that the pictures appearing in the guidebook (where from 20 to 30 are represented in full blaze) had to be an exaggeration; however, Ernest Clouph, who was with the party and who made the book, says he has seen between 50 and 60 going at once. <u>Next</u> <u>time</u> <u>I</u> <u>go</u>, <u>I'll</u> <u>stay</u> <u>until</u> <u>I'm</u> <u>satisfied</u>!

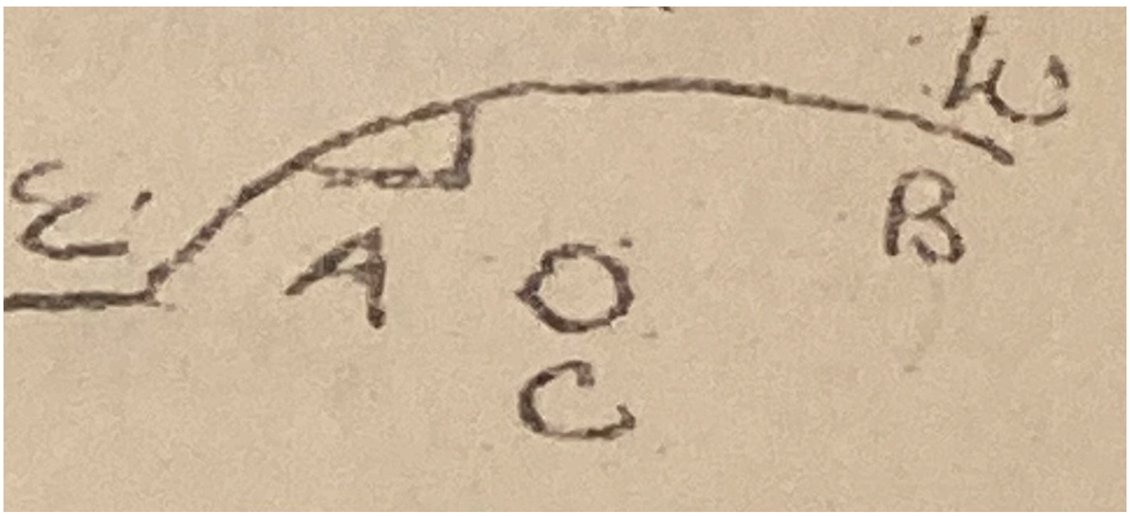
Unlike Yellowstone's other major geysers, Old Faithful is such a good-natured monster that he encourages familiarity. For example, Mrs. Gobeen told me of a laughable scene that took place the morning of the day in which we arrived at Faithful. The soldiers of the President's escort had a good washing in the pools around his base. The water is deliciously soft and you can choose your preferred temperature, as it grows hotter as you ascend. I know, for I did some small washing there myself—a handkerchief and washcloth. The soldiers began in cool water, using smooth geyserite for washboards, scraping and rinsing in hotter and hotter basins. They had been told that Faithful always ejected whatever was thrown into his crater. So, the clothes were pitched into his throat for their final boiling while the owners waited patiently for the next explosion. When it came, up went the clothes with it, a hundred or so feet into the air. Up went drawers and shirts of all colors, filled out with steam to superhuman proportions. Mrs. Gobeen said that for a while it seemed as if the air was full of swollen fragments of men. But, when they came to the ground, it was found that Faithful had not treated them quite fairly. Cries were heard: "My shirt has lost both of its sleeves!" "My clothes are torn to rags!" "Here is one leg of my drawers; I wonder where the other is?" "Can't find my duds at all!" So, Faithful lost his character as laundryman; but, it was great fun for the spectators.

Early in the afternoon we were obliged to leave. Dinner was not to be till 4 o'clock, and so scarce were provisions that only by favoritism did we get lunch before we started. Yet we paid $4 dollars apiece for our less than 24 hours sojourn; however, it was worth it even if we had nothing

to eat. Our good people, the Methodist set, were also obliged to leave at the same time, Sunday as it was, and journey back to Marshall's. The fact is, our room was better than our company.

On the Way back to Marshall's

On the way we stopped at Hell's Half Acre. Leaving the carriage behind, we crossed a footbridge and mounted its geyserite hill. It has towards the river this slope. (see below drawing)



A dead ash white bank stretches along the river side for at least ½ of a mile—dead ash white except for where it's streaked tawny yellow and brown from the flow of iron-impregnated waters. Its greatest curiosity is the geyser called Excelsior or Sheridan (Point A), said to be the monster of the world. The guidebook says, "It seems to have broken out close to the river and to have continually enlarged its orifice by the breaking of its sides." The western margin has fallen in until an aperture of at least 250 feet in diameter has been formed, with sides or walls towards the West, 20 to 30 feet high.

It is frightful to look down into the great boiling cauldron—all of it in agitation with clouds of steam covering the surface. Then one can but see how its walls have continually crumbled, and one approaches the edge and peers over into the boiling lake with the realization of possible horrors. Where its steams escape at the margin (Point E) and flow over the bank into the river,

there is a good deal of color—greens and reds. This awful creature, when it makes up its mind to generate an explosion, rises bodily, they say—the whole pool mounting into the air, and making itself peculiarly dangerous by carrying up with it large stones. When we were in the Park, it only went off at night. Ernest Clouph said it was so when he was there, too—a period of about 25 hours. E. C.'s Party camped on the opposite side of the river, and tho' they could not see it they were deafened by its noise and had their tents and bedding drenched by the falling waters.

Margin B is the Prismatic Spring, and here I will allow is color. It is 250 X 300 feet. The central depth is of deepest indigo blue, running in the shallows into higher hues of greens, with an occasional golden gleam. The margin displayed many tints—yellow touched with orange—or deepening into rich brown chocolate flowing into rose tints and deeper reds, with here and there patches of green—all mingling and harmonizing with ashes of roses and soft gray and finally the general white. Over the lake itself, veiling its beauty, except when momentarily blown aside by the wind, were light flocky clouds of steam; but even these had their charm, for they seemed to catch the evening sunlight is a peculiar way and to be full of an evanescent flitting rainbow. Why was our time so short? We should have liked to have lingered there for hours, while we only had minutes.

At Point C is one of those gorgeous sapphire pools that I have already described. I remember that this one had familiar beautiful sides, fretted and beaded far down, a setting for the illuminated liquid gems. Miss A. said, "The mermaids here have lovely lambrequins." Oh me! Oh me!

The sun was declining and we still had five long Park miles to go to reach Marshall's. We had to leave it all! How long and how unending those five miles stretched themselves out. I had one consolation: I was recovering from my disappointment about the scenery, learning to enjoy it. When we were high up, we had noble panoramas; when we were low down, amphitheaters of mountains—yes, of mountains. I had given up expecting them to be snow-covered Mt. Blancs and took them as they were—a fair sight. Many of them rose above the tree line and their "fronts" were "bald," if not "awful," rocky and scarfed, if not splintered. With their displaying an occasional streak of snow, plus the passage over them of cloud shadows, along with the red light of a glorious

sunset, they were an unending feast of beauty. Other than when dragging over sagebrush plains, I really never tired of our long rides with the ever-changing scenery they presented.

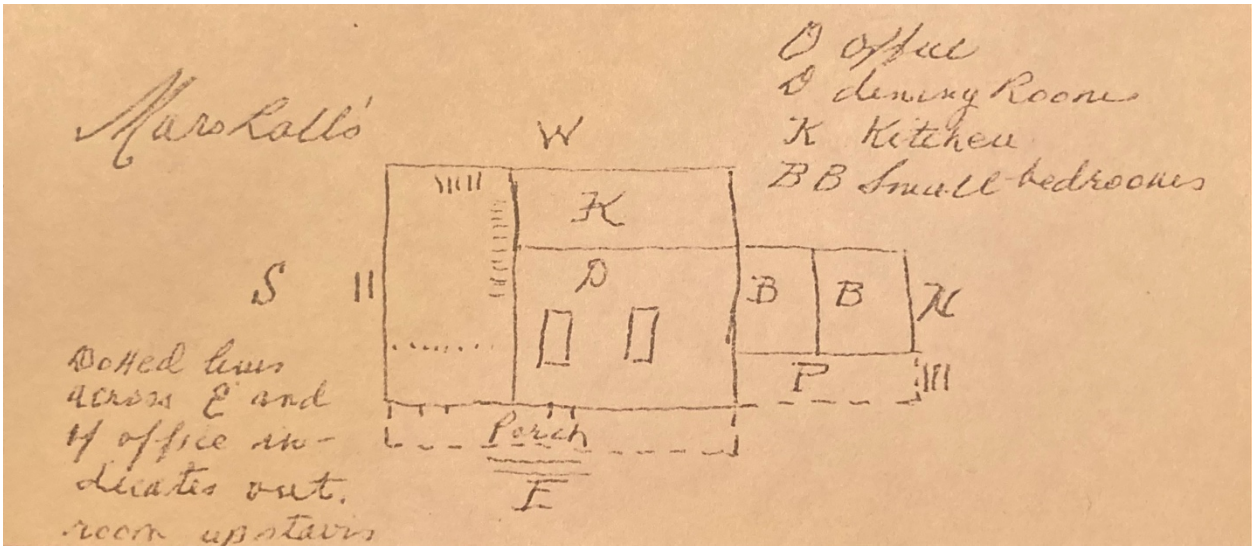
The Stay at Marshall's

When we got to Marshall's, a storm cloud was looming up over the mountains, and all the travelers on the way hurried in. Those who also had hitherto tented now claimed shelter in the house. Moreover, Mr. Hatch had got that far with the second detachment of his party; but, having fallen sick, was now unable to go on. He had several who remained with him as personal friends and attendants, and had besides dispatched a messenger for Dr. Baxter, who soon appeared. Taking us all together—drivers and all—there were fifty of us there that night. The drivers, though, had to provide for their sleeping outside of the house.

We had a reasonably good supper which I enjoyed. Part of the reason for this was that our party got in early which allowed the overworked cook to not be rushed. We had nicely fried fish and quite tolerable coffee. I often found it difficult—the next morning, for instance—when things were at their busiest and worst—to force down enough to sustain nature, as such abominable messes were served up to us. But Miss A. would eat on as if everything were perfection. She afterwards acknowledged, however, that under the pressure of necessity she had eaten things that she shuddered to remember.

Before we had ended supper, tourists began to pour in—thick and threefold—and one could but wonder where all of us were to be stowed. Mr. Hatch and Dr. Baxter were in the most northern little downstairs bedroom, along with Mr. Hatch's servant. Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas, being in some way connected with Mr. Hatch, took the next downstairs bedroom. Above the square part of the building one comes across a great loft which is "elegantly" subdivided into cells by burlap partitions reaching rather more than halfway up the room's height. Judging by their size I believe there must have been more than a dozen of these little cubby holes—dark and stifling! Into these most of us were stowed.

Beyond beds, the least said about our accommodations at Marshall's the better. Many slept



Miss Cruikshank's August, 1883 drawing of the floor plan of Marshall's Hotel

on the floor of the rooms beneath. Our room was in the S.E. corner upstairs and had two beds in it, one at each end. Mrs. Gobeen was our roommate. While we were getting ready for bed, from time to time I felt a queer shaking. I knew the house was *shaky*, but did not think that sufficient to account for it. Miss A., to whom I mentioned it, thought it was; so, I said no more. I did notice, though, that she broke out most appropriately, in my opinion, into singing—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which I took as her way of seeking comfort and assistance from the Unsleeping Protector.

It fell to my lot to sleep behind, where the eaves came down over me like the crust over the blackbird in the pie. Mrs. Gobeen also objected, to having the window open. In addition, the bed was stuffed with sagebrush and had a medicinal, quinine-like smell, and tho' the bed clothes may have been clean, I fancied that they had wrapped every teamster in the valley, besides having been washed in that hot spring till the blankets were perfect felt. Moreover, with the sagacity usually exhibited by the lower classes in bed-making, every double blanket had its fold up towards the head, so that if you were too warm, you must throw off both thicknesses or neither. There I lay—<u>smothered</u>. Now and then I could feel a slight shakiness, like a shiver, in the house and sometimes much more than a shiver. It could not be men walking about, for I was awake long after everyone else was quiet and asleep. Occasionally, the motion would vary—there would be a slow swaying of the house on its foundation, making the timbers creak. I wondered if we were going to be sent

sky high by the explosion of a geyser right under us. But, no one else seemed anxious, and by and by I too slept.

The next morning as was my want, I was early up and out (I could not sleep much in the Park)—out on the porch taking in the glories of a mountain morning. The sun had not yet risen for us, but the sky, purified by the night storm, was crystal clear and opal hued with the coming day. The air was crisp and cold, and all around, out of the dark pines, rose columns of steam, as if Earth were offering up the incense of adoration to her Lord. Dear Child, I thought of you, as I had done many a time, and longed to have you by my side. How you would have drunk it all in!

An especially large body of steam was to be seen in the S.E. When I first pointed it out to the few who had soon joined me, they thought it a heavy cloud, or mist over some watercourse, but before long they came to my conclusion that it was the product of Excelsior. This was afterwards confirmed: the great geyser had gone off about 4 o'clock in the morning, and it was its subterranean preparation for the grand performance that had shaken us all night. Miss A., who sleeps like a dog, still remained skeptical; however, I asked Marshall who said it was so, and that they often felt it at the hotel.

The afternoon before we left Marshall's we met some country people bound to see the wonders of the Park. They asked Isaac about a good camping place. I put my head out of the window and advised them to camp just opposite Excelsior, telling them how sorry we were to continue on with our tour of the Park without seeing it, but that it was due to erupt the next morning and they would experience a fine sight. As Isaac said they would find there a good camping ground with wood and water and sweet grass for their animals, they agreed to take my advice. I fear some maledictions fell upon my gray head for thus betraying them to their ruin. But if they lived through it, and did not run away, what grand stories they will have to tell! I almost wish I could have had their experience. Yet, when I thought of the large stones Excelsior hurls wildly about, I concluded that it was just as well that I took my share of the eruption five miles away, at Marshall's.

Marshall's charges were most exorbitant. He charged Mr. Hatch in this way: for lunch for 13—and for a day each for 7—guess how much? Ninety-seven dollars! Constantly with us were

two agreeable Scotch gentlemen being convoyed by a Chicago lawyer. He (Marshall) hocus-pocused one of the Scotchmen and the lawyer into each paying the bill. It was only as their driver gathered his reins to start that the fraud was discovered. It is said that he has followed after men unwilling to be thus fleeced with a revolver. Mr. Hatch said the bill brought to him sealed Marshall's death warrant; so, if you ever visit the Park, you will search in vain for Marshall's.

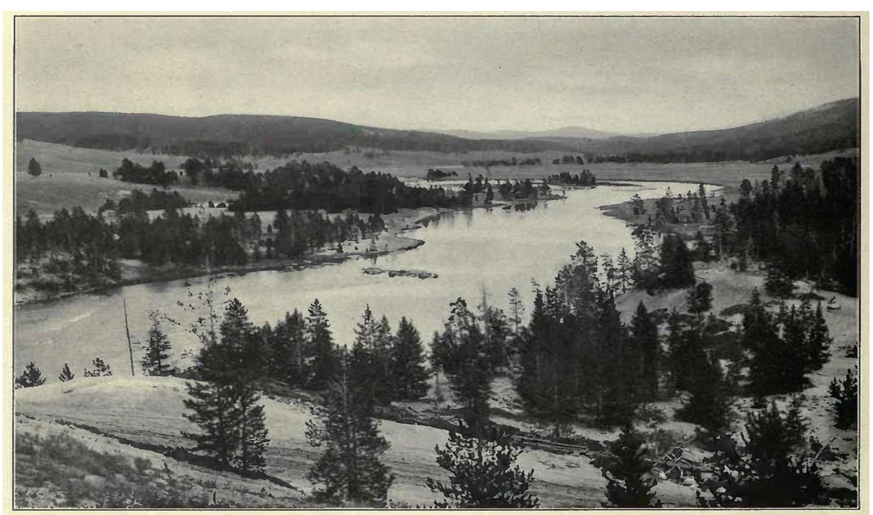
On the Way to Yellowstone Falls

It was the morning of Monday, August 27th that we were to leave Marshall's for Yellowstone Falls, striking off in a northeasterly direction, a change from the north and south course we had hitherto pursued. How long it seemed before we could get Isaac started! Everyone was telling us how much depended upon our seeing the canyon with the sunlight in it—that is, from 12 PM to 4 PM—and we had 30 miles to go. The problem was that Isaac very wisely had here, on our way up, bespoken a change of team, letting his own horses (perfectly fagged out from a month of continuous traveling) rest for a couple of days. But the promised replacement horses were not easily found. When found, one proved to be a mule, and both animals were so much smaller than their predecessors that every buckle and strap of the harness had to be readjusted to suit the circumstances. As we sat on the porch, or stood, or in our impatience walked about, we could see our old slow carraige in the distance patiently and carefully being unbuckled, rebuckled, and tested—fortunately just too far away to have the benefit of our objurgations. As usual, we had the "pleasure" of seeing all our friends depart before we could start. However, our fresh team finally went off, with the little black mule providing such particularly good service that ere long our serenity was restored and we gave ourselves up to whatever enjoyment we could get out of our long, hot and dusty ride.

Well, on this ride we experienced the same old story: between the two rivers, there were mountains to cross, of course, which presented magnificent views of most of the ranges enclosing the Park, going far towards compensating for the roads of pure geyserite on which we many a time wearily footed it. At more than 8,000 feet of altitude we came to Mary's Lake, a lovely limpid sheet of water about a ¼ of a mile across. It looked a little like Lake Calhoun, but oh, so lovely! Not even a bird broke its solitude with song or wing, and the stillness of its waters seemed

undisturbed by a fin! The naughty thing, with all its beauty, is alkaline, which no doubt accounts for its appearance. Leaving this tranquil lake to its dark enclosing forests, we went on.

The descent of the mountain brought us into Hayden Valley, so named from the U.S. scientist who has made such thorough explorations in this region (I have a letter from him postmarked Emigrant's Gulch—just at the entrance to the Park—which I will pass down as an heirloom). This valley is scarcely a valley—rather a very level plateau, only less lofty than its surrounding mountains. Just before we left the tree region and began our toilsome pilgrimage over the sagebrush plain, it was proposed that we should rest for dinner at the first good place. Isaac stopped almost immediately, for there was scarcely a tree left to us. A meandering strip of fresh green contrasting with the general gray indicated the presence of water, and though there was no water to actually see, Isaac knew it was there and that it was good—fed by mountain springs. This question of water is a serious one—good or bad, according as it comes from above or below, one of nature's parables. Sometimes they mingle. When the pure heaven-born predominates, it is all right—you can safely slake your thirst. But, the same spring may be degenerate—the low earth-born having gained the mastery. One such spring quite scandalized Isaac by its rapid change for the worse since he had last guided tourists. He seemed to feel a responsibility for its wrongdoing. "Pah! That I call stout water; but, it was good when I was here last!"


HAYDEN VALLEY — BETWEEN LAKE AND CANYON

F. J. Haynes, photographer

Hayden Valley between Yellowstone Lake and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River (1909)

It was at the noon camp in Hayden Valley that we gathered fir cones and made our fire to boil our coffee pot and cook our eggs. Strange, what a flavor there is to such simple experiences. I shall always love the spot tho' I never will see it again. I should mention that while at the Park we had two more open air lunches—one returning from Yellowstone Falls and the other on the last day between Marshall's and the Hot Springs. Whenever hungry time came, we would say, "Isaac, stop at the first good place," and he always knew where, fortunately so, as we would have been at a loss.

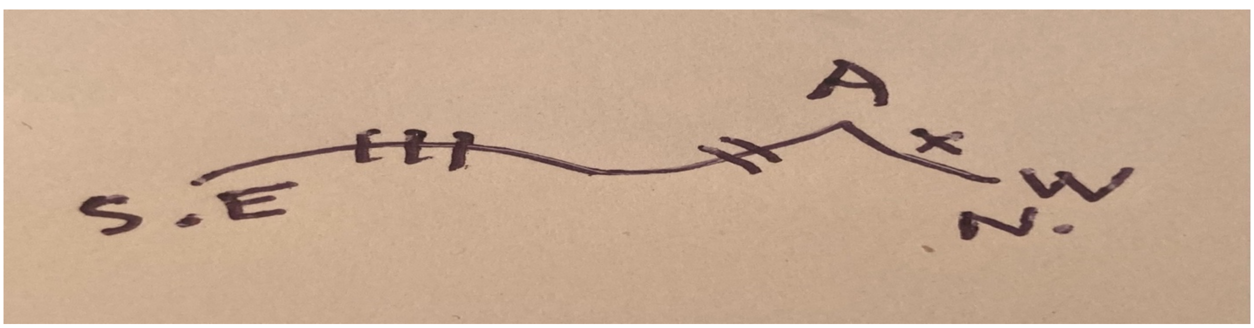
Somewhere on this route Isaac pointed to the turn-off that led to Yellowstone Lake—only 14 miles away and where we could not go! It made us heartsick. We had neither the time nor the money visiting it would have required; plus, as there were no public accommodations there, it would have been utterly impossible to visit it without one's own camping equipment. Many tourists say, "Well, you can afford to miss it—it's only a lake after all." Others rave over the glory of the snow-crowned mountains reflected in the mirror of the lake and declare it the finest sight of the Park. I don't know and rather doubt the snow-crowned claim. We had to give up seeing it anyhow, and console ourselves as best we might with heeding the Indian superstition, "He who once drinks the water of Yellowstone Lake never again tells truth." I did not drink the water of Yellowstone Lake; so, you can believe every word I say!

After midday nooning—our beasts too having had their refreshment (in which a roll was always included)—we set forth again for a several-hours-long ride over the hot shadeless meadow of seared grass and sagebrush. The most distressed object in the plant kingdom is the sagebrush, at this far north location not more than 3 or 4 feet high, but looking as old as Methuselah—worn and twisted and only half alive! Why, the World's three ancients—the camel, the palm, and the pyramids are juvenile in comparison.

We tried to calculate distances and probabilities with frequent references to our watches as we were anxious to arrive at Yellowstone Falls at least by 4 o' clock. However, the prospect seemed poor, for although we passed camps, everything that had legs or wheels passed us. For some time we had been in sight of the Yellowstone River, running with its smooth green current between low prairie banks—quite canal-like in its harness. But at last—at last the country roughens

and we reached the hill and forest that introduces the scenery about the lower and upper Yellowstone Falls. Still it is a long ride—shall we ever come to the end? By and by we hear the dash of the rapids, then the roar of the upper falls. We saw nothing, though, for at this point the road turns off from the river, suddenly bringing us into camp. Here we found the ubiquitous Mr. Hobart who told us where to bestow our belongings, and immediately, without further ceremony, for it was now after 4 o'clock, we set off to see whatever could be seen before the sun declined.

I gave my party leave to hurry on regardless of me. I thought it very doubtful that I could get to the lower falls—nearly a mile down, and over precipitous mountain paths. If the others could, I would not selfishly detain them. Thought I had $100 dollars about me, I went on alone. The first thing that confronted us was an excessively steep hill to climb. . . steep and exceedingly dusty and dirty. By the aid of a strong stick and with only one tumble (which no one saw; it did not hurt me) I reached the top. Once up I could look down on the upper falls which drops 150 feet; I could also easily see the five great rapids leading down to it from above. Each rapid is, I fancy, a fall of from 6 to 10 feet. (John says 10 to 20 feet.)



Miss Cruikshank's August, 1883 sketch of the Yellowstone River and its rapids

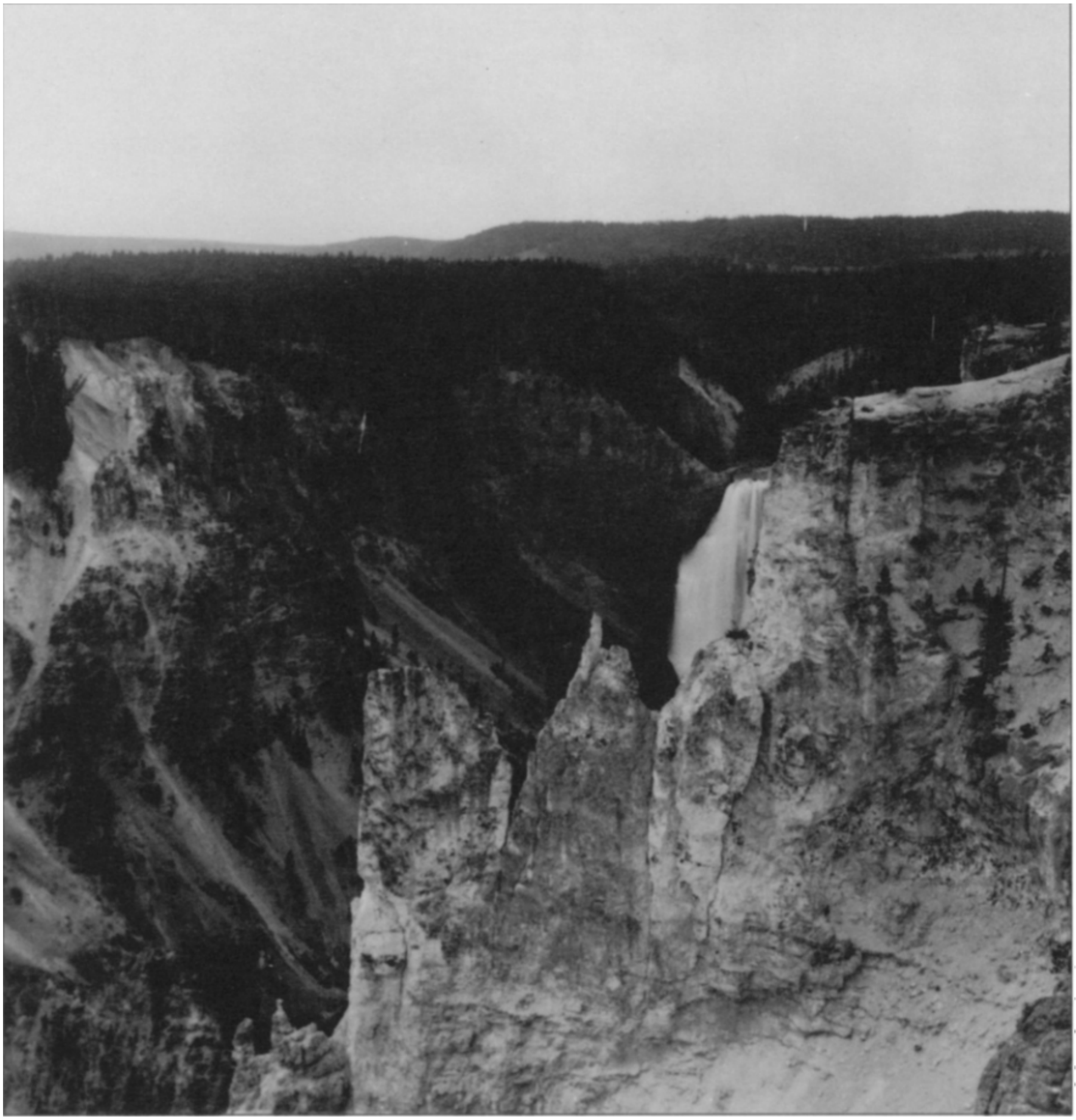
The Yellowstone River is crooked. (see above drawing) The cross marks may represent the rapids or short descents. The river is already within rocky walls rising higher above it as it drops. At Point A is a sharp angle in this wall into which the current pitches itself, only to be tossed back shattered into a mass of foam, at the same time falling 150 feet. I stood between Points A and W; the apex of A points campwards; this will explain the strange sideways appearance you must have noticed in the stereographs of this river and its falls. It is, in fact, difficult for me to understand how such wild chasms and heights as we are familiar with in stereographs are able to be produced.

Rapids below the upper falls carry the river lower and lower down, at the same time that the mountain rises and the canyon grows deeper. The lower falls, less than a mile from the upper, takes a plunge of 350 feet (some say that the figures given for both falls are exaggerated), by which time the canyon is nearly 2,000 feet deep. After I had enjoyed the upper falls for a while, I started for the lower falls as well as my strength would allow. Such ups and downs! Such narrow pathways on the edges of steep hillsides, and the worst of it was that I was entirely cut off from the view. However, I resolutely plodded on till I came to a camp of cavalrymen—part of the escort waiting for the President. They took pity on my forlorn old self, bent on sight-seeing under such disadvantages. They tried to think of some way to help me and brought up their gentlest horse. "Just as gentle, ma'am, as a lamb! Colonel Blank's daughter used to ride it at the post." They vainly tried to mount me on one of the cavalry saddles, and promised to lead my steed in the most careful manner to Mt. Lookout whence is obtained the finest view of the lower falls. I actually did try to mount, but there was nothing to mount from. Also, I was afraid of the horse and the horse acted as if it were a little afraid of me, so it was all to no avail and my kind soldier friends had to give it up. Some of the cavalrymen were firing off pistols on the edge of the canyon to wake the echoes, but I was too tired and discouraged to enter into the effect.

After a short rest I went on again, hoping to come upon my party. I actually did begin the descent of a terribly steep passage—often interrupted by a rough staircase of logs—but, feeling my strength giving out, thought it best to return when not halfway down, lest I should be unable to return at all. After this I decided to retrace my steps and crawl back to camp by easy stages.

While resting under a tree I was accosted by a slightly inebriated semi-gentleman. He told me that he was so sorry to see an old lady so exhausted and that surely I stood in need of a stimulant, which he most cordially pressed upon me. I courteously thanked him, but declined. Then he seemed anxious to enter into conversation with me, and among other things said, "I perceive you are Scotch, ma'am." "Only by half blood, sir—a couple of generations back and I never had any Scotch associations," I answered. "Oh," he persisted, "but I should know you for Scotch anywhere—the moment you spoke I recognized it." Wasn't this odd?

Shaking off the strange man, I once more proceeded on my way and wound myself round



F. J. Haynes, photographer

The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River and its Lower Falls as seen from its northern rim (1884)

that perilous sugar loaf of white geyserite again. The cut-out road seemed only held in place by great tops, or whole tree trunks, clinging to the steep hillsides by their projections, making a

delicious *chevaux de frise* in case one falls over. Picking my way down this spiral, I eventually reached the corduroy bridge that spans Cascade Creek and decided to await there the return of my party.

I was in a rugged chasm of broken dark brown rocks, thro' which a little stream, leaping in several cascades, sought the Yellowstone just then out of sight. As I stood there, watching the hurrying waters and looking for ferns so sure to be found in like situations in warmer climate, but here sadly missing, I heard a horseman descending the Sugar Loaf. Ever since my discussion with the cavalrymen, the project of my trying to reach the lower falls the next morning on horseback—with a side saddle and faithful Isaac as squire—had rather gained on me. Curiously therefore, I watched the horseman's descent—saw how the horse made a perfect goat of himself—noticed the gathering up of all four feet—the careful setting down of each in its turn—together with the general loose-jointedness that guards against stumbling; all of which impressed me with a great respect for that particular horse, but unfortunately only inclined me to doubt of any other in like circumstances, especially with such a dolt as I should be on his back. Besides, in spite of his cat-like tread, the loose cinder rolled away from under his feet and came scurrying down the treacherous steep towards me in a most alarming manner. My heart died within me. I gave up on my idea. So near, yet I must leave the great Lower Falls of the Yellowstone unseen!

Before long my party appeared, full of wonder and delight. Miss A. praised my prudence in going no farther. "You never could have made it." But, of course, I had gone further—much further, which I told her. "How far?" she asked. "Part way down that steep path into the canyon," answered I. "Oh," exclaimed Miss A., "how I wish you could have kept on! That's where we were—at the foot of the lower falls—but it was an awful pull to climb back up again. Did you go out on the rocky platform?" "Yes," I replied, "had a good view of the upper falls from it and the rushing river below." "Well, while there, or rather on a lower ledge," she informed me, "I crawled out to the very edge and looked into the abyss, while someone held me by my feet." Such were the breakneck places that tempted the able-bodied.

With Miss A. kindly accompanying me, I set out for the camp. Slowly, very slowly I crept

along, for my initial enthusiasm had deserted me and my strength had gone, too. I often had to lie right down under the pines to recover my health and gain force for a few steps more. I imparted to Miss A. my despair—to come so far and after all not see the Falls!—which led to the following exchange between us:

"Why you shall see them! If there is a horse in the camp, you shall see them!"

"No, I would never dare go over such places on horseback."

"Nonsense; others can and you can."

"You forget that I am no horsewoman—haven't been on a horse for more than 20 years."

"Why, you have nothing to do but sit on the horse and Isaac can manage the rest."

"Over those precipices? Never!"

"Well, well. Don't say anything more about it now. You are all tired out. Let's get home. When you have eaten and slept, you'll take another view of things!"

I did not believe Miss A., but was too spent to argue further. At last, somehow, I dragged into camp and found dinner just ready, but I was entirely too exhausted and overheated to eat. I choked down a few mouthfuls, drank a gallon of water, then sought our tent. I can't help but think that Mr. Hobart constantly turned out others for our accommodation. Someone's baggage, I know, had to be removed from our new domicile. It was better furnished than our geyser tent, having a bedstead and washstand, but was less "private-like," having no door—only a great aperture half-closed with burlap. What did we care? I made speedy preparations for bed, but Miss Abbott sallied out to enjoy society, for by this time we had rubbed up against our fellow tourists enough to feel acquainted.

Resident—that is, for some weeks—at the Falls for the purpose of making sketches was an English artist, a Mr. Arthur Brown, of Newcastle upon Tyne. A gray-headed man, he had lost the savings of his life by unfortunate speculations. It had been suggested to him, "Why don't you go to America and paint up its wonderful scenery?" "Can't afford it. That hope is over," he answered. But, Earl Percy had seen and admired a picture of his and paid Mr. Brown's expenses to paint certain pictures for him of Yellowstone Park. Here, therefore, we found him, a special guest of Mr. Hobart's, and just now well pleased to welcome his fellow countrymen and countrywomen among the tourists. Mr. Brown had evidently expected to see plenty of English tourists; but, when he

learned that most of them were completely "Knocked up," to use their own elegant phrase, and had remained at the Hot Springs Hotel, letting the Americans go on without them, his disgust and mortification were real. "How is this? I cannot understand it." Poor man, he could not get over it. I was only able to partly overhear this conversation he was having; then there was a change of topics, after which I heard a few snippets, such as "the most intense tints? Yellow, red, etc." As I came to understand better what he was saying the next morning, I will defer till then and go to sleep (as soon as Miss A. is settled) on my shawls and hard bag; for with all our fine furniture we have but one pillow, and that I have left for my partner.

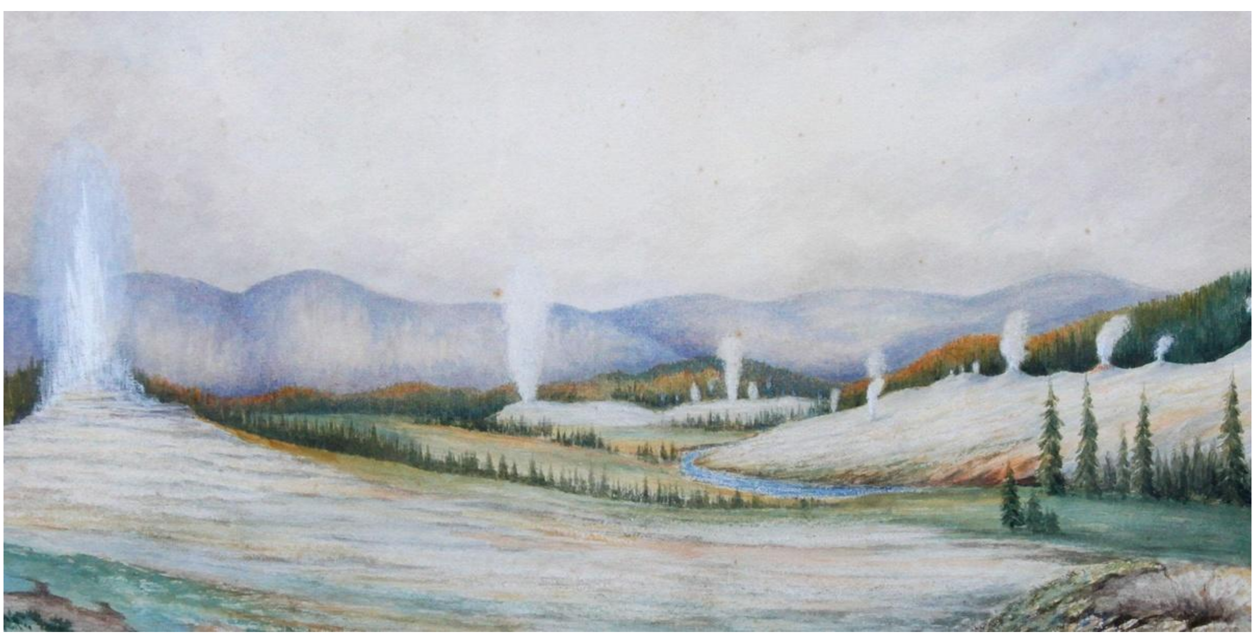
Even though our tent had no door, we slept deliciously. We were only roused up when a darky waiter (can't imagine how they produced him) popped his head in under the burlap with, "Hot water, ladies?" I presume he took us for some of those Britishers to whom hot water is a necessary of life. Miss Abbott, though, rose to the occasion and promptly answered, "Yes." We were soon up and in the dining room. I felt as fresh as a lark, lively as a lizard and, as Miss A. had prophesied, ready for anything.

The dining room, of which I was now at leisure to admire, was by far the finest we had seen and eaten in since we had left the Hot Springs. It sported a fireplace, whereas at the Geysers the dining tent had only a funnel stove with no bottom that was set down on the earth; we saw plenty of them in the wagons of campers. A motto also appeared over the fireplace, and the entire tent was dressed with evergreens! But, some of the tourists wished that management had spent less time on these things and instead had paid more attention to the commissariat. We were served elk, venison, and mountain mutton, but very little bread. Although we always seemed to receive attention, I saw some of the gentlemen become furious. Indeed, sometimes it was just too much for our excellent Scotchmen. By the way, I referred to them on the point of my speaking with a Scottish accent—asking them if they would have claimed me. No, they thought not, but said that I certainly spoke "with a less broad American accent than most did." Was that a compliment?

I was fresh enough to eat a good breakfast so as to be ready for action. The first thing I did was to join the throng which visited Mr. Brown's test to see his pictures. They were all watercolor sketches which he would elaborate on upon his return to England. He had finished many of the

Upper Geyser Basin, both general and particular views. Among the latter there was one of the Black Sand Basin, which unfortunately we did not see and which we had heard others proclaim as being the most remarkable thing with respect to coloring in the Park.

Mr. Brown himself was most proud of his views of Yellowstone Falls and its canyon. How he raved over the coloring of the canyon: “here iron, sulphur, and perhaps copper are at work, blent with many another mineral, and they give us all the varieties of browns, reds and yellows.” Then he ran over all the pigments of the artist—all the umbers, siennas, and ochres—all varieties of red and orange and yellow. “Every tint is here,” said he, “from the palest lemon: here it is,” exhibiting a stone and touching it with his tongue to brighten it. “And here is the deepest yellow—cadmium, as we call it, the intensest color known to art,” and so on thro’ all gradations of orange into reds and browns of wonderful richness. He continued, “Well might the French call this La Riviere des Roches Jaunes! Now look at that picture! My friends in England won’t believe in such coloring at all, but I have the stones to prove it.” Then he would press first one stone, then another, against his tongue to bring out their tints as if by varnish, bringing out their appearance when they are wet with the sprays of the falls or trickling springs. His sketches were faithful (so those who knew said) which promised paintings worthy of the wonders they endeavor to represent.

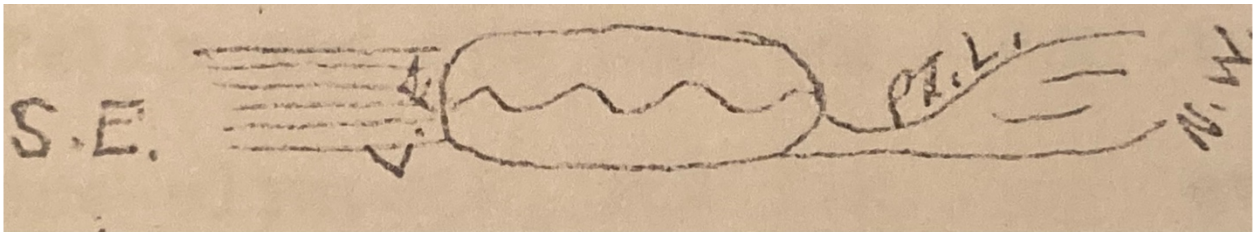


Sketch by Arthur Brown of the Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone (1883)

Many of the tourists, English and otherwise, ordered pictures from him, but the first use he said he would make from his collection would be to give lectures from them. They then asked to know when and where their friends might have the advantage of attending such a lecture. However, Min has told me since my visit to the Park that he has had all his fine rock specimens stolen from him. Was not that a pity? I am afraid Mr. Brown will never dare to lecture without the stones to prove the truth of his pictures' colors.

Miss Abbott at the breakfast table agitated the matter of the horse, and finding one now, as she had anticipated, full of <u>pluck</u>, had boldly applied to Mr. Hobart, our sure friend. "Why, of course," he said, "Nothing easier. I have hobbled off here in the meadow just the horse; Miss Cruikshank can go as safe as sitting in her rocking chair!" Isaac, too, had been found and was ready to lead said horse. As soon as Mr. Brown's levee was over, everyone started on foot for the canyon and falls, except me. All who were more fortunate than ourselves and did not have to leave that morning took their lunch, so as to spend the entire day enjoying the glorious scenes; happy creatures! A short delay was required to catch, saddle and bridle my steed, but before long I was after the others. I supposed that I should be frightened out of my wits and behave like a fool generally, but as soon as I saw how my noble quadruped achieved the ascent of the first hill and how warily he rounded the first sliding path, I dismissed all fear—not even the Sugar Loaf caused a quiver. In fact, I was almost disposed to take the entire management of the reins and send Isaac back, but thought it best not to be foolhardy. I passed the camp of my cavalrymen and received their congratulations as if I had been their grandmother and they all my affectionate grandsons—even met and was saluted by the very horseman whose descent I had watched the evening before. So, I went on triumphant and "glorious, o'er all the ills of life victorious."

Soon after leaving the cavalrymen my horse carried me for a while along a beautiful trail through the pines, after which we next began to ascend Mt. Lookout, a mass of geyserite. Soon we caught up to our party. When we almost reached the top—no place for a horse on that peak—Isaac said that I had better dismount. So, Dr. Baxter helped me off my horse which Isaac tied; then he (Isaac) went up with us to see the magnificent sight. The carriage drivers, rough and coarse as they look, very fairly appreciate the beauties and wonders of the Park, for during our rides from one site to another Isaac had been dwelling upon the marvels about to be revealed to me.



Miss Cruikshank's drawing of the general flow of the Yellowstone River from Southeast to Northwest (August, 1883)

At Mt. Lookout (P.T.L. in the drawing) the Yellowstone River makes one of its sudden bends; this jutting headland faces the canyon and looks up to the Lower Falls (L.F. in the drawing). The rocks over which it falls are a semi-circle in two ways—horizontally and vertically, spreading out on each side and at the same time rising. The sun was not as high as it should have been in order to show this sight to best advantage, but it was enough. Perfectly wild and untouched nature, and grandeur unsurpassed.

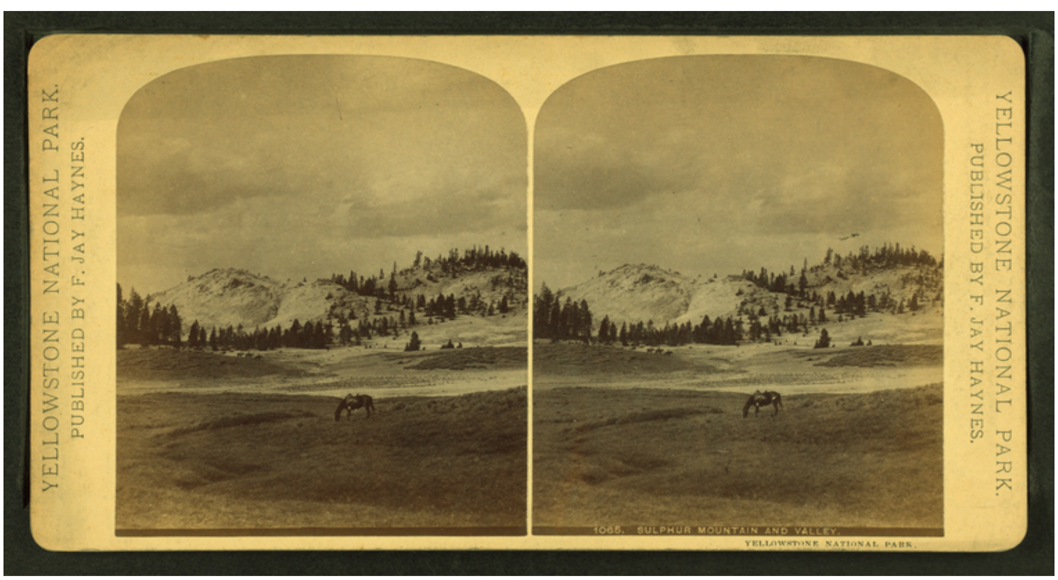
Niagara Falls is the standard by which all cataracts are judged. Well, this was not Niagara, with all its immensity of volume and power; however, the general feeling was that in everything else Yellowstone Falls was greatly the superior. The setting is so superb: the dark green of the pines, the emerald green of the water, the white foam of the broken masses, and the wonderful, wonderful canyon possessing all the colors Mr. Brown had talked about, all this within an amphitheater of mountains forming a magnificent background. Then, from the Lower Falls the river dashed wildly away, like a hurt thing, for down, down in the bottom of the canyon it looked so frenzied that it no longer seemed merely water. We looked at it—they said from a height of 1875 feet—we could have dropped a pebble right down into it. 1875 feet sheer depth!

Between us (at the point on P.T.L.) and the opposite cliffs, rising to perhaps half our height, were some pinnacles of rock so narrow and sharp that they seemed mere knife blades. On the scarce hand-breadth crests were eagle's nests. We could see the young flutter—dim specks that it took good eyes to discover, and the parent bird floating in mid-air far below us looked like a swallow. But, the Falls and the Canyon! How could one turn away and leave them after such a mere glimpse? Every instant the sun shone more directly into the canyon, fairly illuminating it, and yet we had to go, for we must reach Marshall's again that night. We all agreed that Earth could

not furnish another such beautiful sight. I shall never forget it. How thankful I am to Miss Abbott for getting me there! I think we stood on the very spot from which the very best stereographs I have were taken. Didn't I <u>devour</u> them when I got home? And how sorry I am that I can't go over them with you and make you <u>see</u> them all.

Returning from Yellowstone Falls to Marshall's

By 11 AM we had set out on our return journey. There were a few objects of interest that in our haste the evening before we had left unvisited. We now steered for a short time at Sulphur Mountain, apparently a mass of Sulphur enclosed in a thin shell of geyserite. There are many vents where the Sulphur fumes burst out and around, depositing crystals of almost pure Sulphur. The whole thing is hot—and any particular piece of Sulphur is apt to be very hot. It is a superstition of the drivers that the Sulphur crystals are several times hotter than red hot iron. However, we possessed ourselves of a few specimens, and then ordered Isaac to drive on, with the feeling that all was over for us, so far as seeing the Park's highlights was concerned. In fact, the return journey was only dull endurance. We gave ourselves up to such rest as our close quarters would allow, and even tried to sleep. When we lunched, we did not get out of the carriage, but simply satisfied ourselves with cold viands and then speedily resumed our snail's pace towards Marshall's.



F. J. Haynes, photographer

Stereograph of Sulphur Mountain, Yellowstone (ca. 1881 – 1889)

We were now ahead of the Hatch Party, so that upon reaching Marshall's we met an entirely different set. The little end room where Mr. Hatch had stayed in when sick was now occupied by another sick man whose wife and daughters, in attendance upon him and rooming with him, had to pass thro' the next room which was given to us. This situation was not pleasant, but we got past minding such trifles. Before we went to bed, which we could not do early, as said invalid had to have a bath, all apparatus of which had to be carried thro' our room with continual opening of doors, we spent our time scraping acquaintance with the newcomers.

I was particularly amused with one woman who was very communicative. She and her son had just entered the Park by way of Beaver Canyon which debouches at the Fire Hole River. She said, "All Montana was coming," and indeed we were prepared to believe her because of all the queer farm wagons we had already seen filled with the roughest kind of humanity of all ages. Having started with her son alone she had made up her mind to be scared to death of everything and everybody. The previous day she had taken fright at some other wayfarers. The subsequent story she told of how she made her son drive the horses till they were completely foundered—how the suspicious characters overtook them—her agonies of dread—her hiding her bracelets, which shoddy-like she wore on the journey—the falsehoods she told to put the pursuers on the wrong scent, and how at last she had to accept their assistance or incur worse perils: the whole thing was the height of the unreasonable and the ridiculous! She herself could not help laughing at the silly terrors, now that they were over. A western Dickens would make a capital story of it, especially as the supposed "cowboys" with grim humor, taking no pains to allay the woman's fear, evidently enjoyed the sensation they had created, even while doing their best to help her.

We had no geyseral premonitions that night to disturb our slumber, and we were getting used to <u>smelly</u> felted blankets and <u>quinine-scented</u> mattresses. We slept well, but early rising is a natural concomitant of the Park's air and excitement. I believe we had "<u>har</u> <u>meat</u>" for breakfast, but everything was poorly cooked—with things evidently proving worse this time, resulting in Marshall being less attendant and his wife even crosser than before. We were very willing to see the last of the place.

Last Journey in the Park: From Marshall's to the Hot Springs Hotel

In leaving Marshall's we were to take our own horses again, with our plan being to arrive at the Hot Springs Hotel by night—36 miles—the longest day's travel we had yet attempted. Isaac had seen to his harness, I fancy, the night before. We got off in good season. Fifteen miles brought us back to Norris' where under the trees we took our last lunch and, inasmuch as the horses had to have a long rest because 21 miles and the worst road lay before them, also spent some time taking a last look at the geyser basin. The tents were still there, of course, but we did not enter them. We saw no tourists there, no sign of life. It is to be hoped that the overworked force of four were all sound asleep. They had my best wishes.

About 1 o'clock we resumed our journey. This last stage was tiresome in the extreme. It promised nothing to break the monotony. There, however, we were to be disappointed. We had only five more miles to go when, as we entered upon the ascent of Terrace Mountain, a cloud that had added to the beauties of sunset suddenly grew threatening. It rapidly spread over the sky and rain began to fall. At first we did not mind it—only dropped the curtains on the exposed side and drew about us our wraps. However, it became more of a storm and night began to close in. When

US National Park Service/Neal Herbert photo

Terrace Mountain, Yellowstone (2018)

we had reached the summit of the mountain and began the descent, Isaac announced that he could not answer for consequences with so heavily loaded a wagon. “You see it’s just as slick as grease and the horses can’t hold back.” I should think not—not on those pitches! Then waterproofs and rubbers came into requisition, but Miss Abbott’s were not to be found. I gave her mine and determined to take the risk of the sliding vehicle. Isaac too got down and walked at his horses’ side. I protected myself from the rain as well as I could without a waterproof and proceeded to <u>enjoy</u> the situation; you know how I like experiences. I wasn’t afraid. The horses behaved very well, and sometimes would go as far as Isaac could run, down the steep places; then we would haul up and wait for the three dripping black figures to emerge from the forest and overtake us again. We finally reached the comparatively level ground at the base of the mountain at which point the horses, being hooked again to our carriage, allowed us to drive up to the hotel in style.

The Final Stage of Miss Cruikshank’s and Miss Abbott’s Visit to Yellowstone

It was now quite dark, and how cheery the bright lights of the hotel looked! Oh, at last, at last, we were there! At the sound of our wheels, various officials rushed out with umbrellas to assist us in dismounting and to help us up the rather ladder-like steps of the grand entrance, for all who have made the tour of the Park are expected to return half dead, spent and powerless.

The hall was dazzling bright with its electric lights, and before I could recover my eyesight, I was seized upon by Min and Anna, and little Tom was being told to kiss his grandmother! I knew they had been expected, but had supposed them off on a tour of the Park. It was a great and very welcome surprise.

A civilized supper was a treat to which we could do full justice, but I remember drinking far more than eating. I kept calling for water until I was ashamed and said to the waiter, “You know that people who return from the Park are very thirsty.” “Oh yes, I know that very well,” he answered, adding that “I just had a party of <u>four</u> here who drank <u>five</u> pitchers of water!” Hearing that was a great comfort to me.

During our absence our missing portmanteau had been found, and we could indulge in the

luxury of clean clothes. It is astonishing, though, how well we had gotten along without them. When one surrenders himself in good faith to the wilderness, the decencies of civilized life become almost impertinences. At the Falls I forgot myself so far as to ask Mr. Hobart if I could borrow some shoe-blacking. ”Shoe-blacking!” he exclaimed in disgust, “If anyone here dares to black their shoes, I’ll turn them out of the camp!” and a great laugh was raised at my expense.

Thursday morning at 11 o’clock our faithful Isaac for the last time brought his team for our service. The Park Branch R. R. was nearly completed and its terminus was now a great deal nearer to the Hot Springs than when we had first arrived. But for the lack of the last siding we were still obliged to ride the wretchedly dusty 15 miles of which I have told you. Hence our early start, tho’ the train that we were to meet could not leave on its return till 3 or 4 o’clock. Passing thro’ Gardiner Isaac found it necessary to stop for some blacksmith work—bolts and nuts that needed repair after the hard service his wagon had gone thro’. While the repair work was being done, we encountered an odd genius, an old Yankee who was full of questions about the Park. Locking his head on one side with a half-wink he wanted to know, “Ef them geysers ain’t pretty near wore out a bein’ looked at? Case ef they’ll last a little longer, wife and me think we’d like to git along there sometime.”

I said we had taken our last lunch under the trees at Norris. So, after reaching the hot, dusty shelterless siding where the train would stop, everyone, in their carriages or on the platform, began to pull out the remainders of the Park stock. Our party cleaned out cans and bottles as far as practicable, turning over to Isaac enough to last him for a day or two. We also paid him for his six and a half days of service—$115. Then we wrote our names in his book and promised to recommend him. When the train at last came, he helped us with our luggage, and with a handshake he departed. Isaac Dorr is a right good fellow, and his care of his horses was good policy in the long run. If he could only have gotten us to the Falls an hour earlier, we would have nothing to reproach him with.

As soon as we were on the train, Col. Clough took possession of us. He had his niece with him and we four made a family party on the rear platform. I had the full appreciation of these mountains. We were in what is called the lower canyon of the Yellowstone and, before we arrived

at Livingston, would be passing thro' the Gate of the Mountains.

Well, no words can describe the indescribable—those mountains in all the melting glory of their sunlit hues almost made one faint with rapture. The highest and rockiest, chief among them, Emigrant Peak, were on the eastern side—towering up so as to bathe their noble fronts in the richest dyes of the sunset. Clouds were floating in the clear sky, lending magnificent effects of light and shade. We gazed with hungry eyes, avaricious of every changing outline, each varying tint, striving to take ineffaceable mental photographs. At last the sun set and the cold blue shadows crept up until they robbed the summit of the last warm ray. But, there was revealed a new glory: a bank of cumulus clouds behind and above the mountains flushed into golden and rosy beauty, suggesting the idea of another range beyond that which we had been admiring. A still bolder flight of imagination—and mine was not the only one that saw it so—transformed the rounded masses into groups of upturned cherubic faces chanting a vesper hymn of praise to their wonder-working King.

Inasmuch as railroad arrangements compelled us to stay in Livingston one night, we asked Col. Clough what hotel he would recommend. He most cordially said it made no difference as to hotels, for he should take charge of us at the Engineers' Headquarters, a building which we found to be quite respectable. Mrs. Clough, her daughter and niece were paying him a visit at the time as he was not living just then in a "dug-out"—which he had often been obliged to do. The furnishings, although all of a very rude and extemporaneous sort, served the turn. The carrying on of the housekeeping had been let out by contract to two women who served up the "mess"—the most abominable stuff. Notwithstanding my Park experience, I found it almost impossible to get down enough to sustain nature, and I looked around with astonishment at the others—some of them very gentlemanly young engineers—who seemed to find such fare wholly acceptable. I have heard of no sudden deaths among them, at which I greatly wonder. It turned out, though, that there was one consolation in all this for me: I learned that at the hotels we would have fared no better, besides having to pay a high price for being poisoned.

In the morning (Friday) Col. Clough took Miss A. and me in his buckboard to see the sights. I was particularly anxious to see the porcupine (for when Mr. Spalding killed his porcupine,

I was too disgusted with him to look at it—besides, it was dark), the two wild cats and the stuffed catamount. The porcupine had been exported, the two wild cats were out at play, and the stuffed catamount, being in the station house, was deferred until we should go to the train.

The eastern-bound train was due at 2 P.M. At half past one we were at the station where in an upper room we were shown the catamount, the largest cat of North America—a creature with terrible teeth and claws. Often in the Park, as I went over the dreary sagebrush meadows or climbed a bleak mountainside, I had thought of Mr. Evarts, the lost man (see "Thirty-Seven Days of Peril," published by Scribner's, 1872). I wondered if his tired feet had not dragged over those very spots—if his weary heartsick glance had not searched the same landscape to find some trace of his missing comrades and searched in vain. So, too, when I saw the catamount, my first thought was of him. I tell the following story as I received it from Mr. Langford; one of his party got it from the hunters who found Mr. Evarts. Mr. Langford's own story, published afterward, was a little discrepant, but I fancy that he did not really know what did take place.

A stormy November evening was closing in, snow was beginning to fall and the two hunters knew it was the poor wretch's last chance. They were up on a height, when down in a ravine in the gathering gloom they saw a dim moving object. Mistaking it for a catamount, one of them was about to shoot, when the other cried, "Hold on! That is a man!" It was Mr. Evarts, crawling on all fours, but still heading for the settlement! It is strange that as we were about leaving Livingston this version of the story received an unexpected confirmation. I was telling it to a friend when an elderly man in the car spoke up with "That's so, every word of it, for I was one of the men who found him!" It was Pritchett—and the place where they found him was not three miles from the Hot Springs Hotel. Mr. Evarts had made his way thro' the trackless wilderness from the Lake. This story was the last sensation that our visit to the Park provided us.

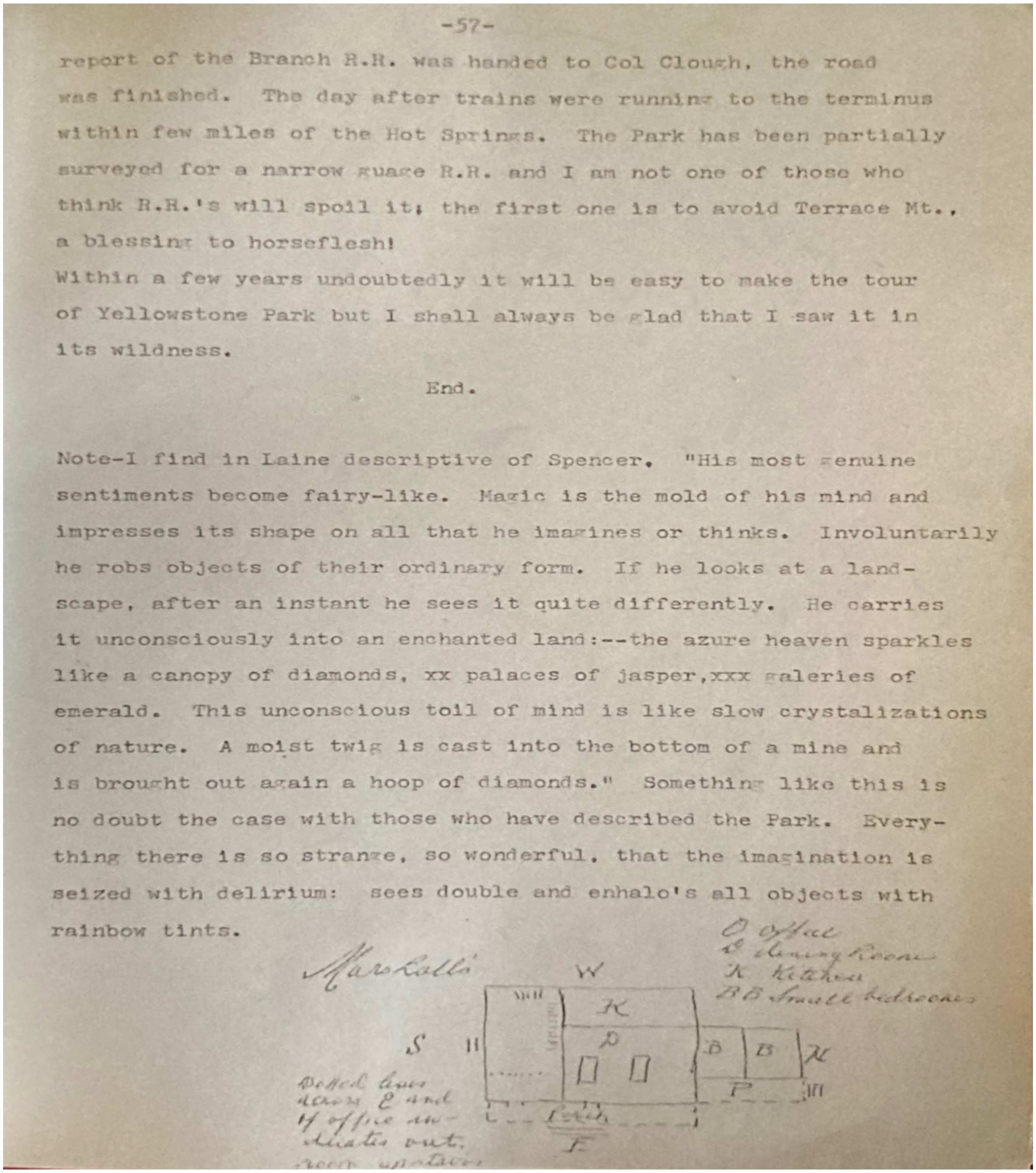
After this we subsided into stupor—slept much of the days and solidly during the nights. Yet I was entirely spent when I got home, and it took me a month to recover. However, I got along better than others. Mrs. Gobeen and Mr. T. A. Harrison were both sick abed and a Mrs. Hahn, whom Min met there, has had a slight paralytic stroke which she attributes partly to the nervous strain of the Park.

The evening that we arrived at Livingston, the last report of the Park Branch R. R. was delivered to Col. Clough, stating that the railroad line was finished. The next day trains began running to the terminus which is now within a few miles of the Hot Springs. The Park has been partially surveyed for a narrow-gauge railway, and I am not one of those who think R. R.'s will spoil it; the first one is to avoid Terrace Mountain, a blessing to horseflesh!

Within a few years undoubtedly it will be easy to make the tour of Yellowstone National Park, but I shall always be glad that I saw it in its wildness.

END

Note: Laine's description of Spencer comes to mind: "His most genuine sentiments become fairy-like. Magic is the mold of his mind and impresses its shape on all that he imagines or thinks. Involuntarily he robs objects of their ordinary form. If he looks at a landscape, after an instant he sees it quite differently. He carries it unconsciously into an enchanted land:—the azure heaven sparkles like a canopy of diamonds, xx palaces of jasper, xxx galleries of emerald. This unconscious toll of mind is like slow crystallizations of nature. A moist twig is cast into the bottom of a mine and is brought out again a hoop of diamonds." Something like this is no doubt the case with those who have described the Park. Everything there is so strange, so wonderful, that the imagination is seized with delirium, sees double and enhalos all objects with rainbow tints.



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